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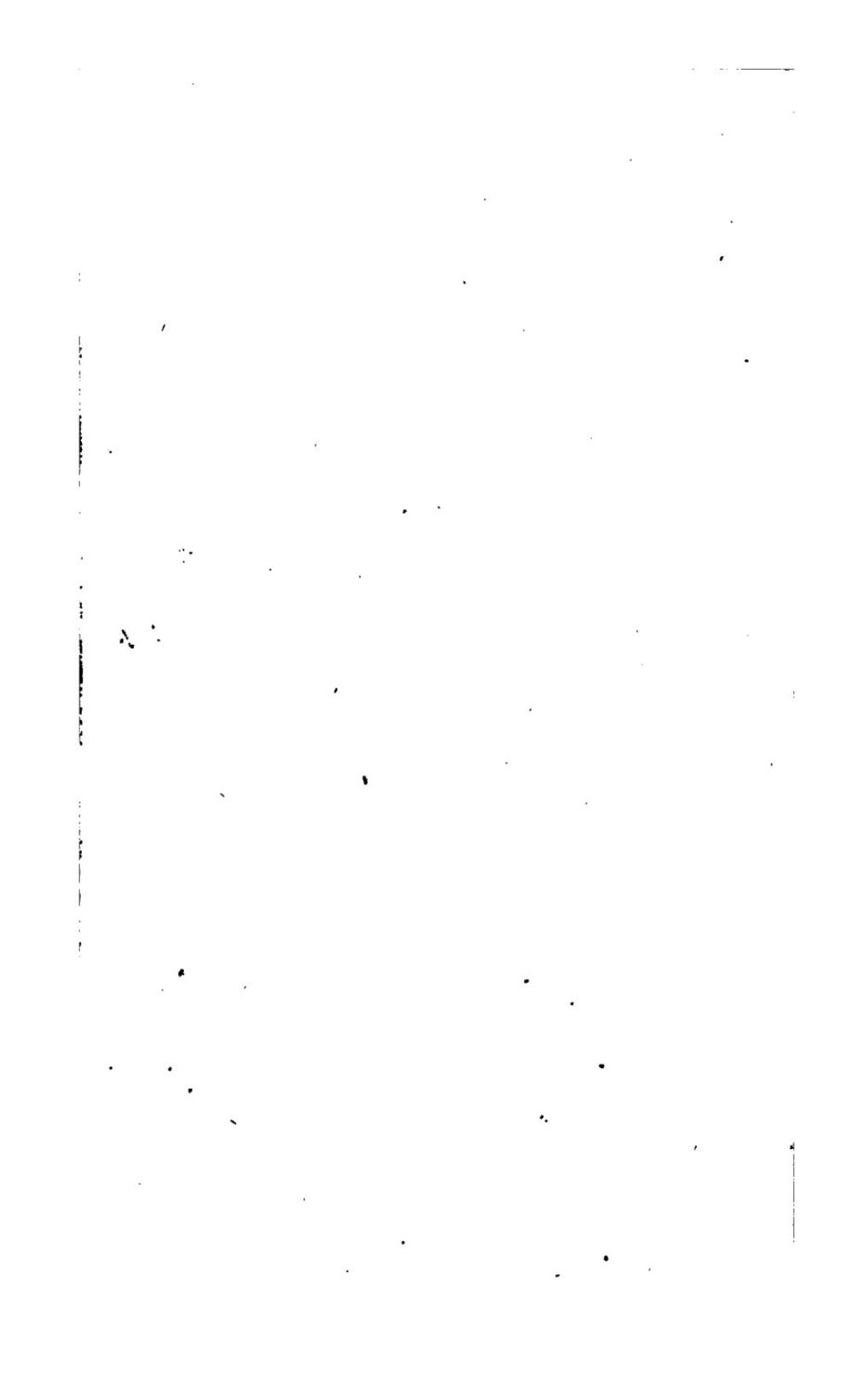
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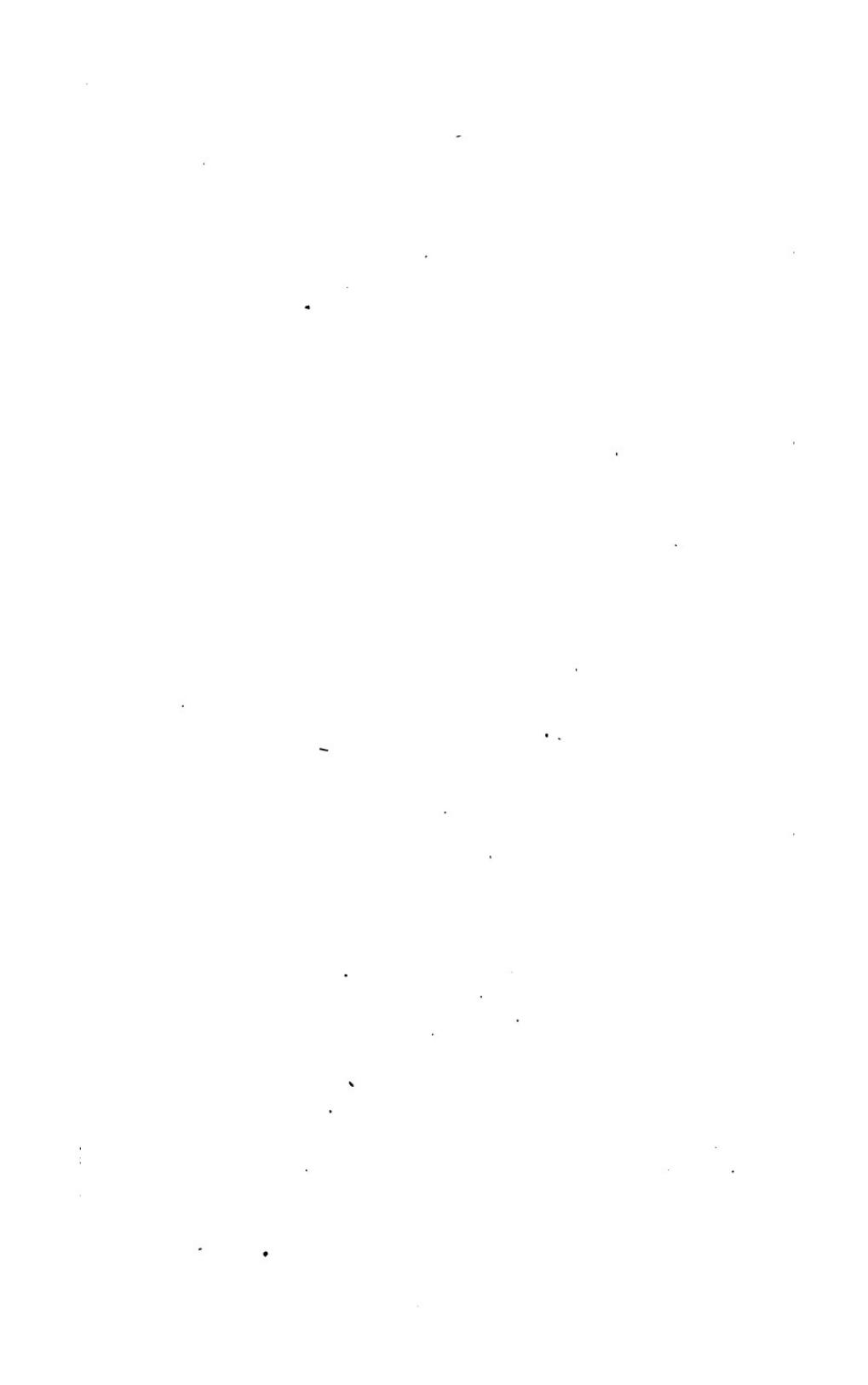
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THE
Thistle of Scotland:
A SELECTION.
OF
ANCIENT BALLADS,
WITH NOTES.

BY ALEXANDER LAING.



ABERDEEN:

Printed for the Author, by J. Booth, Jun. Chronicle Lane.

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THISTLE OF SCOTLAND, &c.

MY GRANDSIRE'S RIDING MARE.

MY Grandsire had a riding mare,
And she was ill to sit;
'Till by there came an unco loun,
And slippit in his fit.

He mounted quick upon her back,
And gripped sickerlie,
And ay sinsyne she proves unkind,
And sair she glooms at me.

But Willie fell, and brain'd himsel',
Than cried on aunty Ann,
Gae her the mare, and riding gear,
And helter in her han'.

Syne peace and plenty did abound,
Thro' a' the kingdoms three,
Then say what ails the filthy mare,
To hae sic spite at me.

'Twas in fifteen my father came,
Frae thraldom a' to free;
And I myself in forty-five,
And mony follow'd me.

My manifesto I held forth,
Gae conscience libertie,
What wonder ails the filthy mare
To gloom and fling at me.

In'ury, Preston, and Fa'kirk,
I won these battles three,
But at Culloden was defeat,
By guile and treacherie.

My soldiers there did from me go,
Flew to the mountains hie,
And ye my know, my heart was woe,
When nane attended me.

But one poor maid wi' tartan plaid,
Conduct'd me thro' the isles,
The hand of fate did me protect,
For a' their craft and wiles.

I gain'd to France, by lucky chance,
And I was welcom'd there,
But for this chance I could not thank,
My Grandsire's riding mare.

When my grand-father was deposed,
Driv'n from the kingdoms three,
There was not then one penny debt,
Within a' christendom.

But now the Crown is debted down,
 To fifty millions and three,
 What then can sill this filthy mate,
 To gloom sae sair at me.

I hope ere lang my father shall
 Inherit Britain's Crown,
 Then I will have at my command,
 Dukes, Lords, o' high renawa.

My brother Henry Admiral,
 O'er a' the fleets at sea,
 Will cause the Whigs to change their notes,
 And turn their tune to me.

The mare's my ain, she's mine by force,
 Since mercy winna' dee,
 I'll ca' her up wi' spur and whip,
 Because she kick'd at me.

NOTES.

This Song is sung with great spirit by many persons in town and country ; and although the verse is stiff, rugged, and uneven, probably by the emanations and interpolations of our pseudo song-mongers, and even by persons learning from another, who substitute words to suit their own fancy, and know not the evil tendency. But garbled and interpolated as it is, it has a peculiar suavity from the female voice, where many if not all the blemishes are hid, or seem to glide on unperceived. Rousseau says, that the concert of female voices has something enchanting in it. The union

of people of different conditions, the simplicity of their occupations, the idea of ease, concord, and tranquillity, the peaceful pensation it awakes in the soul; these combined have something affecting that disposes every one to make use of the most interesting song. For my part, I am fully convinced, that of all kinds of harmony there is nor can't be none so agreeable as singing in unison, and that we only require a variety of concords, because our tastes are so depraved. Does not harmony in fact exist in every single note? And no wonder then that our Novelist exclaims, in an extacy of wonder, when the ideas were heated by the harmony of song—O women, women! dear and fatal objects! whom nature has made beautiful for our torment, who punish us when we brave your power, who pursue when we dread your charms; whose love and hate are equally destructive; and whom we can neither approach nor fly with impunity! Beauty, charm, sympathy! Inconceivable being, or chimera! Source of pain and pleasure! Beauty more terrible to mortals than the element to which the birth of your goddess is ascribed: ~~as you who create those tempests~~ which are so destructive to mankind.

At what period this song has been composed we must remain ignorant, as it has undergone so many alterations, so that we cannot find the original. The last copy has been wrote a little after the rebellion in 1745-6, as the battles of Laverock, Preston, and Falkirk, are accurately distinguished, so that it embraces a period of more than 135 years, ~~as it commences with the accession of William Prince of Orange to the British Crown~~, his deplaine, the inauguration of Queen Anne, and the attempt made by the Chevalier de St George in 1715; and runs on, to the battles of 1745-6, under the unfortunate Chevalier Prince Charles Edward Lewis Casimir Stuart, wherein he was defeated and fled to France, where he remained a short space; he then went to

Rome, where he died, January 31, 1788, and was there buried.

Mr. Hogg, in Jacobite Relics of Scotland, vol. I, song 50, page 82, has the three first stanzas, but descends no lower than the reign of Queen Anne; so that the remainder must have been added by some sorry imitator, who has in some measure but very imperfectly imitated the style. All this gibbing and fun that runs through the songs of that period, of the Riding Mare and the Kirn, are cant names given to the Crown, and thrown by Tory zealots.

THE RANTIN' LADDIE.

Aft ha'e I play'd at cards and dice,
For the love o' a bonny rantin' laddie,
But now I maun sit i' my father's kitchen nook,
And sing hush below my baby.

If I had been wise, and had taken advice,
And dane as my bonny love bade me,
I would ha'e been married at Martinmass,
And been wi' my rantin' laddie.

But I was nae wise, I took nae advice,
Did not as my bonny love bade me,
And now I maun sit by mysel' i' the nook,
And rock my bastard baby.

If I had horse at my command,
As often I had many,
I would ride on to the Castle o' Aboyne,
Wi' a letter to my rantin' laddie.

Down the stair her father came,
 And looked proud and saucy,
 Who is the man? and what is his name
 That ye ca' your rantin' laddie?

Is he a lord, or is he a laird,
 Or is he but a caddie?
 Or is it the young Earl o' Aboyne,
 That ye ca' your rantin' laddie?

He is a young and noble lord,
 He never was a caddie,
 It is the noble Earl o' Aboyne,
 That I ca' my rantin' laddie.

Ye shall ha'e a horse at year command,
 As ye had often many,
 To go to the Castle o' Aboyne,
 Wi' a letter to your rantin' laddie.

Where will I get a little page,
 Where will I get a caddie,
 That will ran quick to bonny Aboyne,
 Wi' this letter to my rantin' laddie.

Then out spoke the young coulter boy,
 Said here am I a caddie,
 I will run on to bonny Aboyne,
 Wi' the letter to your rantin' laddie.

Now when ye come to bonny Doonside,
 Where woods are green and bonny,
 There ye will see the Earl o' Aboyne,
 Among the bushes mony.

And when ye come to the lands o' Aboyne,
 Where all around is bonny,
 Ye'll take your hat into your hand,
 Gi'e this letter to my rantin' laddie.

When he came near the banks of Dee,
 The barks were blooming bonny,
 And there he saw the Earl o' Aboyne,
 Among the bushes mony.

Where are ye going my bonny boy,
 Where are ye going my caddie,
 I am going to the Castle o' Aboyne,
 Wi' a letter to the rantin' laddie.

See yonder is the Castle then,
 My young and handsome caddie,
 And I myself am the Earl o' Aboyne,
 Tho' they ca' me the rantin' laddie.

O pardon, my Lord, if I've done wrong,
 Forgive a simple caddie;
 O pardon, pardon, Earl o' Aboyne,
 I said but what she bade me.

Ye have done no wrong my bonny boy,
 Ye've done no wrong my caddie,
 Wi' hat in hand he bowed low,
 Gave the letter to the rantin' laddie.

When young Aboyne looked the letter on,
 O but he blinkit bonny,
 But ere he read four lines on end,
 The tears came trickling mony.

" My father will no pity shew,
 " My mother still does slight me,
 " And a' my friends have thrñ'd from me,
 " And servants disrespect me."

Who are they dare be so bold,
 To cruelly use my lassie?
 But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne,
 Where oft she did caress me.

Go raise to me five hundred men,
 Be quick and make them ready,
 Each on a steed to haste their speed,
 To carry home my lady.

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
 The company were many,
 Wi' a good claymore in every hand,
 That glanced wond'rrous bonny.

When he came to her father's gate,
 He called for his lady,
 Come down, come down, my bonny maid,
 And speak wi' your rantin' laddie.

When she was set on high horseback,
 Row'd in the highland plaidie,
 The bird i' the bush sang not so sweet,
 As sung this bonny lady.

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
 He cried each lowland lassie,
 Lay your love on some lowland lown,
 And soon will he prove fause t' ye.

But take my advice, and make your choice,
Of some young highland laddie,
Wi' bonnet and plaid whose heart is staid,
And he will not beguile ye:

As they rode on thro' Garioch land,
He rode up in a fury,
And cried, fall back each saucy dame,
Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye.

NOTES.

THIS Song is metamorphosed from the Castle of Leys to that of Aboyne. I remember often to have heard it sung, and the pathos is very dulcet, though the verse is monotonous and uneven. It is very common with these Songs to change the names of places, each fixing nearer to their own home, and this one Stanza clearly shews the change:

Some ca' me that and some ca' me this,
And the Baron o' Leys they ca' me;
But when I am on bonny Deeside,
They ca' me the rantin' laddie,

But the change is of no moment, and owing entirely to the suavity of the air, I have given it a place in this Collection.

As to the Earls of Aboyne marrying any Lady from Banffshire, I can find no account. The first notice of that House I have on record is in A. D. 1312; when it was held by William Bisset, Esq. After this, I am ignorant what families were in it until the year 1442, when Alexander Fraser, Esq. obtained the lands, but Gordon of Huntly married Munro's daughter

to the Earl Marischal of Scotland, and on this account Fraser was removed to Cowie, and Geddes was placed at Aboyne; when it fell into the family of Hay towards the end of the fifteenth century, and continued in that family for some time. John Lord Hay held Aboyne in 1502, when it returned to the Gordon family, who was created Lord Aboyne: but that title became extinct in 1632, but was restored again Sept. 10, 1661, under that of Earl of Aboyne, and July 18, 1815, Baron Meldrum of Morven.

BARONNE O' GAIRTLY.

A FRAGMENT.

'TWAS in abut nicht's weerty hour,
Nae meen nor stars ga'e light,
Quhan Gairtly's baul an' beirly Baronne,
Red hemward thro' the nicht.

II.

Sturdy was that Baronne's speir,
Deidly his battle bran,
Docht nae man bide aneth the straik,
O' his uplifted han'.

III.

Erae his weir cape thre blak fetheris,
Nod gowre his dark brun bru;
Durst nae man speir quhae in he them gat,
Or he had cause to rue.

IV.

His mayde o' stile fane neck to heel,
 Wi' witchin spel was boan',
 'Twas clasp'd sic fast, weir's deidlest blast,
 Nane cud that Baronne woun.

V.

On coal black steid, wi' feirious speid,
 The Baronne he spur'd on,
 Nae grusome gaist, nor blak boodie,
 Cud fleg that baul Baronne.

VI.

Frae the blak visart o' the lift,
 The fyre flaucht gleeds the skie,
 Ye're welcome quo' the baul Baronne,
 To licht me on my wye.

VII.

Athwart the lyft the thu'ner rair'd,
 Wi' awfu' hottrin din,
 'Twil warken the wardmen on my wa,
 To lat their lord win in.

VIII.

The Baronne reach't the wan water,
 Or he dru brydle ryne,
 An' the rowtin' o' that darke wate
 Wud hae fleyt ten thusan' men.

IX.

'Twud hae fley't s' but the baith Barshape,
 But the never a fear fear't he,
 Tho' the first step the Baronne's horse gae,
 It wat him to the kne.

X.

The neist an step the Baronne's horse gae,
 Cam owr the sadle bow,
 Its lyke we twa will weet our feet,
 Afore that we win' throw.

XI.

Quha rydes, quha rydes, sae far in nicht,
 Cry'd sum unyirdly pour ?
 Quha kenns na that the Kelpie rous,
 At this untimous hour,

XII.

Quha rydes, quha rydes, sae far in nicht,
 Quhair Kelpie has comman ?
 Dare nae man pass this faimin' feer'd,
 An' livin' win to lan'.

XIII.

Ther cam a froun on that Baronne's bru,
 An' scornfu' laughed he,
 Nae voice o' air or slim shado,
 Shal ever dauntin me.

XIV.

Gae voice unblest to thy bed o' rist,
 Gin onie rist there be,
 For throw this feer'd I meen to pas,
 An' I'll nae speir levee o' the.

XV.

The Kelpie gaë an eldritch grane,
 The faimin feerd did ryve,
 An' up ther rayse a fearsom sicht,
 Quhilk nae man can descriyve.

XVI.

A thing lik a slayk'y houn' ther cam',
 An' clacht him by the spaul,
 But the Baronne dru his deidly bran,
 Gart Kelpie tyne his haul.

XVII.

Gin ye be Gairtly's baul Baronne,
 As I trow weel ye be,
 The yungest o' my weird sisters,
 Is deip in luve wi' the.

XVIII.

An' a' for my sister's sake I lat,
 Thy steid an' thee gae on,
 Nae yirdly man sic favour has
 But thee thu baul Baronne.

XIX.

And he's ryden on and farther on,
 And doun yon dowie den,
 And the wyld bull bood frae the eyrie forest,
 And the rocks answer'd agayn.

XX.

Tho' the wild bull bood, and the howlet skreem'd,
 Yet feerles was he the quhile,
 He croon'd aft owre unhaly sangs,
 His journey to begyle.

XXI.

And he's ryden on and farther on,
 An' never slak'd his speid,
 Till he wan the yett o' his castell,
 An' halted his coal blak steid.

XXII.

An' quhat meene this quo the angry Baronne?
 An' a feerfu' glowr gae he,
 Nae watch licht on my battlements,
 Quhair they were wont to be.

XXIII.

He has taen his horn frae his stell belt,
 An' blu a blast fu' baul,
 T'hat waken'd the corbie on his eerie tap,
 An' the tod forhuit the faul.

XXIV.

He has taen his bugle horn agen,
 An' a bauler blast blu he,
 Yet a' was styl as the deip sylence,
 O' the deid man's cemetrie.

XXV.

He has ta'en his bugle horn agen,
 An' a blast o' weir blu he,
 Quhan iud spack out the bellyborn blin,
 As he stuid on the watch tourie hie.

XXVI.

Quhat man o' weir or rank robber,
 Disturbs our nichtly sleep,
 Yet the 'mot brig is up; the yett lockit,
 An' the key safe i' the keip.

XXVII.

To thy blaidy den speid thu dark robber,
 Nor waken us wi' thy din,
 Gif I war to waken our new com'd Lord,
 He wad thro' the i' the lin'.

XXVIII.

An' quha is he that stalwart Lord?
 In Gairly does he byde?
 I thocht here won'd that baul Baronne,
 Quhase fame had waxed wyde.

XXIX.

That Baronne gaed to the deadly weir,
 Full sax lang munths sipsyne,
 His body lyes caulk i' the gory field,
 An' his saulygs in Purgatories pine.

XXX.

He had na been ~~gane~~ a daie a daie,
 A munth bat only thre,
 Quhan our lady marry't him yung Lesmore,
 O' the blythe an' blynkin e'e.

XXXI.

Awa wi' the thu rank robber,
 Speid owr the nichtly da,
 Gif ye waken them in brydal bed,
 Its doubtles ye will ru.

XXXII.

The Baronne frun'd his face toun'd blak,
 His een o' the pale deed ha,
 An' thre tymes did the blak fithers,
 Nod owr his dark brun bru.

XXXIII.

An' he's rydden on to the weird sisters,
 Seven myles aneth the Rin,
 Hurra, thu gauntin' grim poster,
 Lat Gairtly's Baronne in.

XXXIV.

The red het dore the porter jeed,
 An' stuid i' the Baronne's sicht,
 Ar the weird sisters at hame goblin?
 Or ar they abrod at nicht?

XXXV.

I' the cave that's pav'd wi' deid men's sculs,
 This nicht the feest maun be sprede,
 The sisters ar gane to the rottin kirk-yerd,
 To hawk the new won deid.

XXXVI.

The Baronne rade to the rottin kirk-yerd,
 A' bi' the blae weird licht,
 To yirdly man this kythed then,
 An' allagrugus sicht.

XXXVII.

They had howkit frae a gref a new wonr worse,
 War scrapin the flesh frae the banes,
 The verra banes an' grisles they gran,
 Atweesh twa blak milstanes.

XXXVIII.

The flesh they was seethin in hell caudsons,
 To be there divlish feed,
 Ilk ane frae a skul o' unkisn'd bairns,
 Wis lappin the deid men's bluid.

XXXIX.

Hurra ye gauntin' grim sisters,
 Cees, cees, your warks o' bluid,
 Ye promis'd to help a baul Baronne,
 Nu mak your promis guid.

XL.

Nu do to me ye weird sisters,
 That deid without a name,
 My fausse Lady an' her leman,
 Hae brocht my hous to shem.

XLI.

Cast cantrips fell wark powerfu' spel,
 O' deidliest glamoré,
 To wark them wae this verra nicht,
 I maun revenged be.

XLII.

Nu yung Lesmore an's Lady fair,
 War boun' to brydal bed,
 Quhan yung Lesmore wi' statly step,
 Unto his Lady said:

XLIV.

Fesh me my cote o' mayle Lady,
 My shield bat an' my speir,
 Three tymes I hard a trumpet bla',
 An' the third blast it blu weir.

XLV.

In soothe my Lord ye ar too fond,
 To mix in battel stour,
 Its bat the wardmen on my wa',
 That sounis the midnicht hour.

XLVI.

A' the lang nicht Lesmore gauntit,
 The never a wink slept he,
 Quhat ayles this castel o' yours Lady,
 Its shoggin lyke a trie?

XLVII.

The castel o' Gairly's biggit fu' stut,
 Wi' towirs baith heigh an' sma',
 Tho' they rock to the wynds o' nicht,
 Nae feerthat it will fa'.

XLVIII.

Lesmore started to his elback,
 An angry man wis he,
 I canna slaipe i' your castal Lady,
 The reek is smorin me.

XLIX.

Ly stil, ly stil, my yung Lesmore,
 Dinna sae waukrife be,
 Its bat the smeuk o' the hil meer burn,
 The win' bla's in to thee.

L.

An' quha's that auld an' gyr carlin,
 Wi' a staf o' the deid man's bane?
 That's kneepin kneepin thro' the ha',
 Bat word speiks never nane.

LI.

Quhy sleip ye not my dear Lesmore,
 Alas ! ye gar me weip,
 Its bat my sillie bouir woman,
 That's gangin in her sleip.

LII.

O Lady dear, my Ladý fair,
 W'u'd I to sleip were gane,
 Bat I canna get sleip, I canna get piece,
 For the grons o' dien men.

[A Stanza is here wanting.]

LIV.

The grey cock gat up an' flappit his wings,
 An' lud an' baul cru he,
 The blythe morn glynted owr the hill tap,
 Au' the birds sang merrilie.

LV.

Bat that morn schaw'd a feerfu' sicht,
 As ever man did see,
 For the castel wa' was blak as seet,
 An' the reef was the heven's hie.

LVI.

Nae livin' thing in that castel,
 Saw mornin' light agen,
 Ther was naething left bat the blak chymnes,
 An' wa's o' blak brent stane.

LVII.

Lang has the castel bleecht i' the win,
 Yet quhiter it winna be,
 Bat the wyld flours bla' on the reefs wa',
 An' corbies build ther aeyrie.

NOTES.

THIS Song possesses great merit in the composition, which seems very good for the age it has been wrote in. It bears every mark of being the work of the sixteenth century, owing to the reigning chimeras of spectres and wizards, an Icelandic and Danish fable; but the stile is pretty open, and free from that turgid stiffness accompanying a great many of the ancient songs. Every stanza clearly points out the ideas and superstitions of the Scottish peasants in that æra. But let us descend and examine with scrupu-

pulous attention the present age, and we will be surprised to find that butterfly chace still pursued, and the same foolish notions not yet exploded, being deep rooted in their minds. How must our souls be harrowed on entering the house of the rustic, or mechanic, and hear the fulsome stuff there narrated, and that too credited by men who make a practice of reading, which, alas! is but a shallow theory when the practice of reason is laid aside. Would that these mean despicable Danish and Norwegian tales of ghosts and apparitions were ever banished from the minds of the hardy sons of Caledonia, to the Hindoo or Arabian deserts, where superstition has her throne and temple : alas ! the consequences are fatal, for at the recital the juvenile bosom expands and is elated with sensation, and listens with avidity to the tale which, when finished, fixes a root of timidity in the mind which soon grows and makes them quite effeminate.

The Song commences with the Baron's safe return from the war, and the scene represented is the hour when all the supposed serial world perform their rounds :

When silent graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

And the picture of night is painted with all its horrors ; all darkness, and neither moon nor stars shed their benignant rays to dissipate the gloom. But the Baron, undaunted, clad in his martial accoutrements, pursues his way, and this occupies the first and second stanza.

The next two stanzas descend to give a description of the talismanic charm that lay hid in every part of his dress and armour, from the spur on the heel, to the three sable plumes that fluttered from his helmet ; and this talisman was a donation from some of the Hecatian Priests in the school of magic, where he had long

studied the art of necromancy, where he was endued with an art that rendered him invulnerable from every hostile attack.

He learned the art, that none may name,
In Padua far beyond the sea.

Padua was long and supposed, by the peasantry of Scotland, to be the principal School of Necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, who was slain at Perth in A. D. 1860, pretended that, during his studies in Italy, he had acquired some knowledge of the Cabala, by which, he said, he could make charms, and work a great many miracles, and, in particular, that he could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie, before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's conspiracy.

The fifth stanza describes the Baron on horseback, which is finely parodied and modernised by the Ayrshire bard.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelped on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, rain, hail, and fire.

The next two stanzas paint a thunder storm in all its terrific artillery, which seems to be well received by the Baron, who was so far gone in wickedness as to laugh at the Works of Omnipotency, and in defiance of the Almighty Architect repeats some stanzas of profane songs, which leads us again to our Agrarian bard, though he is now in the highest place of power.

Wi' twopenny we'll face nae evil,
Wi' Usquabas we'll face the devil.

And again:

Whyle's handing fast his guid blae bonnet,
And crooning ower some auld Scót's sonnet.

this instant they are absent at the church-yard, where the Baron goes among the harpies and tells his case, bidding them make ready every engine of torture hell could invent. The recital of their feast makes us shudder, although fiction; and in stanza forty-one he bids them,

Cast cantrips fell wark powerfu' spel.

O' deedliest Glamourie.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the full magic power of impressing on the eyesight of the spectators; so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. Glamour was used by Johnny Fa, while decoying the Countess.

For soon as he saw her weel fair'd face,

He coost the Glamour ovr her.

A magician has no shadow to be seen—

His form no dark'ning shadow trac'd,

Upon the sunny wall.

The shadow of a Necromancer is independent of the sun. Glynes informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—*Faywood's Hierarchie*, p. 475.

The vulgar conceive, that when a Class of Students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterranean Hall, where the devil literally catches the last in the race, unless he crosses the Hall'sb quickly; that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus lost their shadow always prove the best magicians. The Scottish rustics, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of

Spirits, residing in the air and in the waters : to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose and at other times with milder views.

There seems to be a stanza or two lost, where the description is given of the arrival of the sisters and the manner of their operation. I have attempted these stanzas to fill up the chasm. How far my weak efforts have succeeded a candid public will discern:

From the kirkyerd the sisters cam,
To Gairly's vaulted toun,
An' the works of hell begun,
An' fill'd the ha' an' bouirs,
The curling flames an' smoke arise,
The hellish agents smile,
To see the crackling faggots blaze,
And view the roofless pile.

From the forty-second to the fifty-first stanza we have the colloquy of Leamore and his Lady in bed. He, on the first charge that is sounded, seems somewhat alarmed, but at the third sound he called for his arbour, and was going to sally forth ; but won by female blandishments he is quiet, falls into her arms, and there meets his death. See two stanzas in Lord Randal.

O, Lady, I heard a wee horn tout,
And it blew wond'rous clear ;
And ay the turning o' the note,
Was Barnaby will be here ! I hear A horn blown,
Lie still my dear, lie still my dear,
Ye keep me frae the colds ;
E'er is it but my father's shepherd,
Driving his flock in the field."

There now seems one stanza less between the fifty-first and second, where is shown the catastrophe, which I have also made an attempt to supply:

Lock'd in his Lady's arms he lay,
Nor dream'd his death was near,
Like Samson won by beauty's charms,
But horrors soon appear.

The last stanzas conclude with the view of the desolated and ruined walls, which appear as suffering by fire. It is a Barony in an insulated part of Banffshire, situated in the division of Strathbogie, like the parish of St. Fergus, in Buchan; it belonged formerly to the family of Barclay, who were denominated Barons, and bore in their arms: gules on a chevron, between three crosses patee in chief, and as many hearts of the first.

Lord Alexander Barclay, Baron of Gairly, the last of the family, fell in the year 1445, at the battle of Arbroath; and the lands fell to the Earls of Huntly.

Little or no account can be had of the ancient proprietors of the place, both the *Gazetteer* and the *Statistical History of Scotland* are silent on the subject.

Several Parishes in this division are partly in Banffshire and partly in Aberdeenshire. The cause of this arrangement probably was, that the division of Strathbogie was formerly a Lordship, like those of Lorn, Badenoch, and Galloway, and that those Lords had too great power, so they could repledge a criminal from the King's Judges. In 1509, on the forfeiture of David Cumming of Athol, Lord Strathbogie, the Lord of Gairly, by abolishing these privileges, and dividing the Lordship between different counties, the rebellious spirit was checked in the most effectual manner. It gives the title of Lord to this Grace the Duke of Gordon, who is called the *Blessed of Garioch*.

Lesmoir is an old Castle and Barony in the Parishes of Rhynie and Eassie, formerly held by John Forbes, a cadet of John with the black lip of Logie; but it fell into the Gordon's in the beginning of the fifteenth century. As his Lordship, the Earl of Huntly, had two illegitimate sons by Miss Elizabeth Cruickshank of Aswanly, he gave one of these sons the Barony of Lesmoir.

The arms of this ancient family are azure, a fesse chequy argent, and of the first, between three Boar's Heads erased ore.

Crest.—A Hart's Head couped proper,

Supporters.—Dexter, wreathed with a wreath sinister, a Griffin proper.

Motto.—Bydand.

GLENKINDY.

Glenkindy was once a sharper gade,
He harped to the king; And the king said, "If
And Glenkindy was amang the best harpers,
That ever harp'd on a string."

IX.

He'd sweep a bairn out o' a basket,
Or water out o' a stane;
Or milk out o' a maidens' breast,
That bairn had never name.

He's ta'en his harp until his hand,
III.
 He harpit and he sang; aye a dule and a gounding
 And ay as he harpit to the king,
 To haud him unthought lang.

IV.
 "I'll gie you a robe Glenkindie,
 A robe o' the royal pa;
 Gin ye will harpy the winter's night
 Afore my nobles a."

V.

And the King but and his nobles a',
 Sat birling at the wine;
 And he wad ha'e but his ae dochter,
 To wait on them at dine.

VI.

He's ta'en his harp until his hand,
 He's harpit them a' asleep,
 Except it was the young Countess,
 That love did wankin keep.

VII.

And first he has harpit a grave-tune;
 And syne he has harpit a gay;
 And mony a sick atween hands.
 I wat the Lady gae.

VIII.

Says "When day is dawen, and cocks ha'e crawen,
 And wappit their wings sae wide,
 Its ye may come to my bower door,
 And streek you by my side."

IX.

"But look that ye tell na Gib your man,
 For naething that ye dee,
 For, an ye tell him, 'Gib your man,'
 He'll beguile baith you and me."

X.

He's taken his harp in his hand;
 He harpit and he sang;
 And he is homes to O his man,
 As fast as he could gang."

XI.

"O micht I tell you; Gib, my man,
 Gin I a man had slain?"
 "O that ye wricht, my guid Master,
 Altho' ye had slain ten."

XII.

"Then, tak ye mit now, Gib, my man,
 My bidden for to see,
 And, but an ye wauken me in time,
 Ye sall be hangithie."

XIII.

" Whan day has dawen, and cocks ha'e crawen,
 And wappit their wings see wide;
 I'm bidden gang till yon Lady's bower,
 And streek me by her side."

XIV.

" Gae hame to your bed, my good Master,
 Ye've waukit, I fear o'er lang; for I'll
 For I'll wauken you in as good time,
 As ony cock i' the land."

XV.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
 He harpit and he sang, and he sang o'er I
 Until he harpit his Master asleep, for he
 Syne fast awa' did gang.

XVI.

And he is till that Lady's bower;
 As fast as he could ring, when he came to the bower,
 When he came to that Lady's bower,
 He chappit at the chin.

XVII.

" O, wha is this," says that Lady,
 " That opens nae and comes in?"
 " It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true dooty,
 " O, open and lat me in!"

XVIII.

She kent he was nae gentle knight,
That she had latten in ;
For neither when he gaed nor cam,
Kist he her cheek or chin,

XIX.

He neither kist her whan he cam,
Nor clappit her whan he gaed ;
And in at her bawter window,
The moon shone like the gleed !

XX.

" O, ragged is your hose Gleankinie,
And riven is your sheen,
And reavell'd is your yellow hair,
That I saw late yestreen,

XXI.

" The stockings they are Gib my man's,
They came first to my hand ;
And this is Gib my man's shoon,
At my bed feet they standeo but nae appaunt !

XXII.

And fast o'er hill and how I ran ;
For fear I cam a hin ;
[I've reavell'd a' my yellow hair,
Coming against the win.]

XXXIII.

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he came to his Master,
As fast as he could gang.

XXXIV.

" Won up, won up, my good Master;
I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
There's nae a cock in a' the land,
But has wappit his wings and craven."

XXXV.

Glenkindie's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reachid the Lady's bower,
Afore that it was lang.

XXXVI.

When he came to the Lady's bower,
[He tirled at the pine] " Wha is that at my bower door?
" O, wha is that at my bower door?
That opens na and comes in."

XXXVII.

" It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
And in I canna win,
[The cocks ha'e crowen, the day is dawen]
O, rise and lat me in!"

XXXVIII

" Forbin'd, forbin'd," says that Lady, " Ah!
 " That ever sic shame beside, I ha' sign'd off!
 " That I should first be a wif o' Rion's lass, b' J.
 " And than a young laigh o' beside, b' last a."

XXXIX

" There was hae pity for that Lady, sir?"
 For she lay cauld and dead;
 But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
 In bower he must go mad.

XXX.

He's harpit a fish out o' salt water;
 The water out o' a stane;
 The milk out o' a maiden's breast,
 That bairn had never name.

XXXI.

He's ta'en his harp till his hand;

Sae sweetly as it rang,

" And wae hadd weary, twas to hear
 Glenkindie's dowie sang,
 Till he'd ta'en his harp till his hand,
 But cauld and dead was that lady,

XXXII.

Bat cauld and dead was that lady,
 Nor heeds for a' his maen,
 An' he wad harpit till doomsday,
 She'll never speak again.

XXXIII.

He's ta'en his harp i' will Richard;
 He harpit and he sang;
 And he is hame to Gib his man,
 As fast as he could gang.

XXXIV.

"Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
 Till I pay you your fee;
 Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
 Weel payit sall ye be!"

XXXV.

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
 And he has hang'd him hie;
 And he's hangit him o'er his ain yate,
 As high as high could be.

NOTES.

This Song is very ancient; and founded on a Legendary Tale. The hero of it seems to be the celebrated Welsh bard, Glaethirion, or Kirion the Sallow, of whom some notice will be found in Owen's "Cambrian Biography." In Chaucer's "House of Fame" he is classed with Orpheus, Aesop, and Clio.

"There herde I play onis harpe,
 That sowned both well and sharp;
 Hym Orpheus full craftily,

*And on his side fast by
Sate the harper Orion:
And Bacchus Chiribis;
And the Briton Glaskyron."*

The Scottish writers, adapting the name to their own meridian, call him Glenkindy, Glenskeenie, &c.

The metamorphosis Glenkindie answers well with circumstances, owing to the situation of the scene, which is at the foot of a small hill two miles west from Kildrummy, once a seat of the Scottish Kings. The Villa is but modern, and the lands are watered by a small stream on the east, called Kindy or Kennedy, and the river Don on the south. A little up the vale is seen the vestige of the ancient Castle of Glenkindie, surrounded by a deep fosse; but the present seat is held by Sir Alexander Leith, K. C. B. son to Alexander Leith, Esq. of Freefield, parish of Rayne, in the Garioch.

Near this is the ruins of an old Roman Catholic Chapel, called Chapel Ronald; and on the west is the Castle of Glenbucket, a seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Fife. The name is Gaslie, and signifies the Glen, or Valley of Harts, or Male Deer.

If we adopt the term Glenkindy to the song who harped to the King, the metempsychosis is apropos, Kildrummy being distant but two miles, and this was the palace of kings, and the seat of the Earls of Mar from the year 581 until the rebellion in 1715, when it was forfeited. I shall here give a short account of the families as they succeeded, and the years of succession; and as it belonged to the kings, we cannot be surprised at the changes it has undergone, from Colman in the year 800 to Gilchrist in 1000, who was succeeded by Martin in 1051, and in 1150 to David, Earl of Huntington and Garioch, Morgund in 1171, and William Graitney in 1215. John Stuart, brother to King James III.

entered in 1436, and Robert Cochrane in 1480, who was succeeded by John Stuart in 1481, and again by John Stuart; by the Countess of Boulogne in 1490, who died in 1508, and was succeeded by Alexander Elphinston in 1509; and by James Stuart, natural son of King James V. and brother by the father's side to Mary Queen of Scots, who was made Earl of Marin 1561, after defeating the moss troopers or banditti, and in 1562 was made Earl of Moray. John Erskine was created Earl of Mar in his room, and that family held the lands until the forfeiture, when it fell into the Duffs, Earls of Fife, by supremacy, but the lands belong to the Gordons of Gordon-hall or Wardhouse.

And here, as we have spoke of the Earl of Fife, it will not be improper to give an extract of that family from an old manuscript, written in Latin, by Peter Wemyss, Esq. of Craighall, in the parish of _____, probably the Wemyss of Bogie, alluded to in Gowrie's conspiracy in 1600. This manuscript was translated into English, May 21, 1746, the year of the rebellion, and is very rare.

EXTRACT.

The country of the Vermicenii, or as it is sometimes called, Vernicons, i. e. the Counties of Kincardine and Angus. That whereof the kingdom of the Picts chiefly consisted was at first called Ross, which in the ancient language, of the natives signified a Peninsula, which agrees exactly with the nature of the word: for it is separated from other Counties of the island by the Ochill hills, the Friths of Forth and Tay, and the German ocean. At length it got the name of Fife from its Prince Fitus. This was that Fitus surnamed Duffus, cousin to Kenneth II. King of Scotland, (by whose valour and good fortune the Picts were entirely reduced), whom we find in ancient records honoured with the titles of Prince of the Blood, one of the King's Generals, and well beloved Friend.

Who, as a signal mark of his Majesty's esteem, and in reward of his extraordinary service against the Picts, was, by the same Kenneth, created Thane, Governor, or rather Prince of Fife, (if we consider the privileges wherewith he was endowed) anno 838: and that future ages may know with what fidelity his successors discharged that dignity, the greatest in the kingdom next to royalty itself, may this short abstract of their genealogy, and most remarkable transactions, escape the injury of time.

Then Fyfus surnamed Duffus, as illustrious for his wise administration in time of peace, as he was remarkable for his conduct in the art of war, was invested with the dignity of Thane, which he exercised in the reigns of the victorious Kenneth II. and Donald V. the last of whom Buchanan, a professed persecutor of the memory of the Kings, treats with no small severity. But far differently Fordunus, who makes honourable mention of him, as one that with equal care secured a kingdom which his brother had acquired, as well from foreign invasions as broils at home. This Fifus died equally lamented by high and low, anno 858.

Duffus M'Duffus, his son, succeeded him in his virtues as well as honours and estate, in the reign of Constantine the Second, with whom he had the glory to fall in the defence of his country against the Danes, anno 878.

Fyfgacus, which in the ancient language signifies Fifus the warrior, was no less eminent for his service against the Danes, who made encroachments in the reign of Gregory, whom Fygacus survived even to the reign of Donald the Sixth.

Duffigacus succeeded him in his dignity, which he held in the reigns of Constantine the Third and Malcolm the First, and yielded it together with his life in the reign of Indulf.

Colbanus, who held that dignity, with the glory of his ancestors, in the reigns of Indulf, Duffus, and Culenus.

Malcolmus succeeded him in his dignity, which he held in the reign of Kenneth the Third, who disannulled the pernicious act concerning the succession of the Clans. He died under the usurpation of Grimus, and left his son, in an. 918, Constantine, to succeed him, who acted in the station of his ancestors under Malcolmus the Second, and died in the reign of Duncan the First, a king remarkable for his clemency.

M'Duffus, a man who surpasses all encomiums, slew the tyrant Macbeth, at Lumphanan, in an. 1056, and set Malcolmus the Third upon the throne of his ancestors, by whom, in a public Convention of the States, he was created Earl of Fife. He was likewise made Captain General of his Majesty's forces, and had the good fortune to suppress a rebellion in Mar. He died in his own Castle of Couper, and was buried among the kings at Icolmkill. It was this M'Duffus who, for his piety towards his God, his love to his country, his loyalty to his king, and good will towards all men, has justly obtained an universal applause, and set such a shining model of virtue, as may draw respect and imitation from all good men.

He was succeeded by Duffgacus the Second, his eldest son, who proved no less an heir of his father's virtues than estate, and in honour he flourished in the reigns of Edgar and Alexander, and was interred in the royal sepulchre belonging to his father.

It was to the other Duffaganus, his brother, that the family of Wemyss owe their original; which Duffaganus, as an argument to prove the same, we find in the Celtic tongue called, " Eoin more na Uamh," which in that language signifies Big John of the Caves. For as M'Duffus, one of his names, is a patronymic, and the same with the son of Duffus, he had the other from the estate entailed on him by his father, as was customary in those days, and that same estate abounds in caves to this very day.

The family of Wemyss have lost nothing of the splendour of so memorable ancestors, and are still distinguished by the same arms, a Lion rampant, gules languid azure, inscribed on an escutcheon or; which arms, as they were only proper to the Scottish kings, and no subject at that time honoured with them besides, still renders it the more unquestionable, that the Duffs were of the blood royal.

Constantine, the second of that name, and third Earl, died in his youth, before his time to give proofs of genius, in the reign of David, and was buried in Icolmkill, among the kings.

Michael, the son of Galeus, succeeded him, a man justly admired for his virtues, who, of all the Peers of the kingdom, was pitched on by the king, a man of real sanctity, to be tutor to the young Prince, who, for the beauties of his mind, was not undeservedly named the Angel incarnate.

Duncan the Second, his son and successor, by his noble endowments, if possible, surpassed his father. He was cotemporary with his father's pupil Malcolumbus, and died 1154.

M'Tosh, which in the Celtic tongue signifies the son of a Prince, was this Earl's brother, and second son of the former. He married the heiress of Clanchattan, whence sprung the family of the M'Intosches and their progeny the Farquharsons, all families of distinction in Scotland.

Duncan the Third, his son, was Lord Justiciary of Scotland, and married a niece to Malcolumbus the Fourth, with whom he received an addition of large possessions. He was the founder of a Convent of Nuns at North Berwick in Lothian, and died anno 1203, and was succeeded by

Malcolumbus the Second, who founded the Monastery of Cistercian Monks at Culross in honour of St. Servian, who is said to have been the first planter of Christianity among the Verneseui.

He married Maud, daughter to the Earl of Warwicke, who also brought him large possessions. He died and was buried at Cawdor, in St. Seruian's Chapel; anno 1229; whose estate and honours, as he had no surviving issue, devolved upon

Malcolmus the Third; his nephew, by a brother; he married Winefred, daughter to Lewellen, Prince of Wales. He was a man of no despicable parts, and worthy of the ancestors from whom he was descended.

Colbanus, the second of that name and ninth Earl of Fife, after a short possession of his dignity, gave way to his son, as yet but eight years of age, anno 1270.

Duncan, the fourth of that name and tenth Earl of Fife, on the death of his Majesty Alexander the Third, was appointed Regent of Scotland, and was killed by the Abernethies, anno 1286.

Duncan the Fifth, his son, married Ane, daughter of his uncle Colbanus, Earl of Fife, and fell in battle, anno 1299; a man truly worthy of a long life.

Duncan the Sixth, his son, married Maria Mortimer, niece to Edward, King of England; anno 1307, which proved the ruin of this illustrious family, for from that time they continually sided the English.

Duncan the Seventh, his son, and the thirteenth and last Earl of Fife, was the author of that lampoon, " My Letter," the contents of which nobody can be ignorant of, that was presented to Pope John the XXII. by the Scottish nobility, anno 1320; who afterwards, when he shifted sides, was created Governor of Perth by Balliol; but sometime after being apprehended by the Brucian party, was committed to custody in the Castle of Kil-drummy, with his wife and daughter, where he ended his days, anno 1336.

In the disasters of so great a family, it is very presumable that

they did not all remain in one quarter, but on the contrary, repaired to different quarters of the kingdom; hence the present family of the Duffs took their rise, who make no mean figure in the North at this very juncture. I have heard this frequently of my father, who was no stranger to the affairs of that family. But now I will return to Duncan the Severe, who, as was formerly observed, had only one daughter, named Isabella, who married Walter Stuart, a Prince of the blood, and they both dying without issue, their honours and estate devolved on his brother, the Duke of Albany, Regent of the kingdom, who was likewise succeeded by his son M'Dougal, whom James the First beheaded.—Thus ended the Thanes and Earls of Fife, after they had flourished for a series of 498 years.

PHILOHISTORICUS.

EPILOGUE.

A glorious race of heroes ever true,
To king, to country, and religion too;
Whose sword could pull the usurping tyrant down,
And raise the royal exile to the crown;
And to the proud ambitious Danes set bounds;
And drove the Picts from their usurped grounds.
Unto the illustrious House of Wemyss gave rise,
Who yet in splendour with their father vie.
Shall any wonder if that here a son,
Attend what his ancestors oft have done!

PHILOREGIS.

Here the MS. ends; but for a continuation of that illustrious family down to 1821, see the *Caledonian Itinerary*, vol. 1, p. 41.
But to return from this digression—I again will pursue the

wings of the song; and observe that stanza fifth is found in the opening of "Brown Robin," which commences thus:

"Thinking but an' his noblesse,
Sate byling at the wine;
He would ha'e name but hisse daughter,
To wait on them at dinne;
"She servid them but, she spred them benn,
In illa gown of green;
But her e't was up on Brown Robis,
That sted low under the rain."

The seventh stanza in "the Gay Goshawk" is as follows:

"O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave;
And then he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave."

And the thirty-first stanza has been a little altered to produce a small variety, and prevent the monotony and tiresomeness of repetition.

Stanzas the 22d and 27th both seem two verses deficient, which I have attempted to supply, and have enclosed them with brackets.

THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

Down Deeside came Inverey whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley's yates at the day dawing.
Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O am ye wiithin?
There's sharp swords at the gate will gur your blood
spin."

The Lady wiste up to the window she stent;
 She heard then lye dowing w'er hill and other benter.
 " O discey, ye Baron, and turn back your kyng,
 For the lads of Throntartain are driving them by!"

" How can I rise, Lady, or turn me again?
 Whare'er I have no man, I wat they ha' ten."
 " Then rise up, my dasse; take rocks in your hand,
 And turn back the kyng; I hale you at command,

" Gin I had a husband, whereas I ha' nane,
 He wadna lye in his bower; see his kyng-ten."
 Then up gan the Baron, and cried for his graith;
 Says, " Lady, I'll gang; tho' to leave you I'm laith.

" Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my speir;
 I ay was for peace, tho' I never fear'd weir.
 My glaive might ha'e hung in the ha' till my death,
 Or e'er I had drawn it a kiname no' skeith."

Come hame, then, Peggy, nor think I'm taiblame;
 I well may get out, but I'll never win da'it.
 When Brackley was bushed, and rade o'er the close,
 A gallant Baron rade up to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
 He was as buikly a' Baron as ever was seen.
 Tho' there cam wi' Inverey thirty and three,
 There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and
 he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw; But against four and thirty, was's me, what is twa? Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround; And they've pierc'd bonny Brackley wi' many a wounding.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey, The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey. "O came ye by Brackley's yates, wha ye in there? Or saw ye his Peggy dear rising her hair?"

"O, I came by Brackley's yates, I was in there, And I saw his Peggy a shaking gout cheer." That Lady she feasted them, carried them being; She laugh'd wi' the men that her Baron had slain."

"O fye on you, Lady! how could you do sae? You open'd your yates to the false Inverey. She affer'd him, I drank wi' him, welcom'd him again; She welcom'd the villain that slew her Baron!"

She kept him till morning, syne helle him hengin, And shew'd him the road that lie shoudna be taken. "Thys, Biis, and Ahoyne," she says, "By in aitour, O'er the hills o' Glenshares, you'll skip in ait hounching."

There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the bat; But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

—
The baron's head wi' a goldenall quod, in black and white,

NOTES.

The occurrence of which this Ballad seems to be a true narrative, took place about the end of the 17th, or beginning of the 18th century. John Gordon of Brackley, commonly called Baron of Brackley, was a petty Baron of the family of Aboyne, and is represented by tradition as having been a gentleman of the most amiable and respectable character. Indeed, nothing but such a character could have possessed for upwards of an hundred years, among rude peasants, the beautiful and pathetic lines which hold him up, in the last unfortunate scene of his life, in so interesting and affecting a point of view.

Farquharson of Iuverey in Braemar, a renowned freebooter on Deeside, was his relation, and in habits of friendly intercourse with him.

Farquharson was fierce, daring, and active, exhibiting all the worst characteristics of a freebooter, with nothing of that blunt and partially just and manly generosity, which were then not uncommonly met with among that description of men. The common people supposed him, (as they did Dundee and others of the same cast, who were remarkable for their fortunate intrepidity and miraculous escapes) to be a warlock, and proof against steel and lead. He is said to have been buried on the north side of a hill which the sun could never shine upon—"De'il scoop wi' Fuddie." This denomination he seems to have derived from his alertness, and activity, and the elastic bounding step in which he walked, and which is peculiar to the mountaineers. (A whid in the north east of Scotland is pronounced phud) i. e. the seat of a rabbit, hare, deer, &c. And to phud or whid, in the Scottish dialect, has the same meaning; and is of the same origin, with the English

term to scud, and means to skip along in the manner of scuttled animals. When Fuddie and Kettrin went upon a marauding expedition for "tooming faulds, or scouring of a glen," their visits were so sudden, that they were generally gone before the poor sufferers had warning to guard against them. The exclamation of "De'il scoop wi' Fuddie" was natural enough from those who were sensible of their loss when, too late. This is a proverbial form of execration still in use in Kincardineshire, Fuddie being the nickname by which the Baron was usually known.

There are many variations of this ballad which are sung by old persons, but they all have the same tendency.

A somewhat different account of this affray, which this ballad commemorates, is given by the descendants of Inverey, who are naturally willing to believe that the seeds of those virtues which they themselves possess, however obscured by the habits and manners of the times, did exist in the character of their ancestor. They say, that some cattle and ponies belonging to Farquharson had strayed down into Brackley's ground, where they were found; and Inverey with his followers coming to relieve them an altercation ensued, which was followed by a sudden discharge of fire arms on both sides, by which Gordon and three of his followers fell. Inverey was outlawed, but was afterwards permitted to return.

Some fragments of the ruins of Brackley Castle still remain; and some persons will point out the gate through which he rode out, and a hollow way between two little knolls, where the Farquharsons fell upon him.

In 1822, I published another copy of this song, which in many respects I think preferable to this presented. I got the manuscript from Mrs. Scott, spouse to the Rev. Robert Scott, Glenbucket, Aberdeenshire.

Poetical justice requires that I mention the stanzas as they are

repeated by other people : and here the reader cannot be displeased to learn, that the unworthy spouse of the amiable and affectionate Brackley was treated by her unprincipled gallant as she deserved, and might have expected :

“ Inverey spak a wort, he spak it wray,
“ My wife and my bairns will be thinking lang.
“ O wae fa' ye, Inverey ! iff mat ye die !
“ First to kill Brackley, and then to slight me.”

In some of the copies they make mention that Inverey came to take away the child, but whether to murder or preserve him is unknown.

O where is your young son bring him to me,
With my little baby Jackman swimm'd Dee.

Jackman was the Baron's favourite servant, and crossed the Dee with the young son, for which act he was rewarded with a piece of land.

There is another account of this affair, in a Genealogical History of the Family of M'Intosh, which fixes the date of this slaughter to the 16th of September, 1666. According to the statement then given, Brackley had seized the horses of some dependants of Inverey, to recover the fines due by them for having fished salmon in the river Dee during the prohibited season. Inverey is said to have demanded from Gordon the restitution of the horses, as not being the property of the real offenders, whom he offered to produce and deliver up. Finally, he offered to refer the matter to mutual friends. But, according to the statement, Gordon not only rejected their pacific overtures, but with his cousin, Alexander Gordon of Abergeldy, began the affray, and killed two of Inverey's followers ; upon which the Farquharsons, in their own defence, slew John Gordon of Brackley himself, his brother William, and James Gordon of Culz.

It may be noticed, that the author of this account is obviously partial to Inverey, as leader of a branch of the Clan Chattan, of which M'Intosh was the chief. He says, that by the interference of M'Intosh, the proceedings against Inverey in the Court of Justiciary, which the Gordons had commenced, were traversed and put a stop to; for which interference, he afterwards experienced the enmity of the Gordon family.—*M'Farlane's Genealogical Collections, M.S. in the Advocates' Library, vol. 1. p. 299.*

I must here observe, that stanza 10th is added by Mr. Jamieson in his Ancient Ballads, and also some words which he has altered.

MACPHERSON'S LAMENT.

I'VE spent my life in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength,
I squander'd fast, as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

To hang upon a tree, a tree,
Accurs'd disgraceful death,
Like a vile dog hung up to be,
And stifled in the breath.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and honour high,
Oh mother, would you ne'er had born
The son so doom'd to die.

The Laird of Grant with power aboon,
 The Royal Majesty,
 Pass'd his great word for Peter Brown,
 And let Macpherson die.

But Braco Duff, with rage enough,
 First led a snare for me,
 And if that death did not prevent,
 Aveng'd I well could be.

But vengeance I did never wreak,
 When power was in my hand,
 And you, dear friends, no vengeance seek,
 It is my last command.

Forgive the man whose rage betray'd,
 Macpherson's worthless life :
 When I am gone, be it not said,
 My legacy was strife.

And ye that blame with cruel scorn,
 The wandering gipsy's ways,
 Oh think if homeless houseless born,
 Ye could spend better days.

If all the wealth on land or sea
 Before my eyes were spread,
 I'd give them all this hour to be
 On the soldier's dying bed.

Though cut and hack'd in every limb,
 And chok'd with heaps of slain,
 Glory and fame should be my theme,
 To soften all my pain.

My father was a gentleman,
 Of fame and honour high,
 Oh, place me in the field like him—
 Like him to fight and die!—

NOTES.

This is a popular song and not very ancient, but there only remains a fragment. The air is very musical, and I recollect to have heard several other stanzas, but whether genuine or spurious the reader must determine. One of the stanzas runs thus, where he seems to point out the injustice of his enemies:

'Tis not my death that I regard,
 If justice would take place,
 And bring my fellow partners,
 Unto the same disgrace.

In the year 1701 a noted highwayman, James Macpherson, was apprehended and lodged in Banff gaol, where he was sentenced to be executed for a daring robbery; and his execution took place eight days after his trial, and at a much earlier hour than was appointed by his sentence; the Magistrates of Banff being apprehensive of a rescue. It is even beyond doubt, that either by fraud or violence, an express with his pardon was detained between Turriff and Banff until the hour was past. By this violation of the law, they lost the city rights.

An unhappy girl, whose love for him and grief for his fate, ended in distraction, came to Glenroby and Upper Lorn in the following summer. She could give no distinct account of herself, but the incoherent words drawn from her led to a conclusion, that

her parents were reputable ; but that, infatuated by a passion for Macpherson, she had passed some time with him among his gipsy associates, had been admitted to him in prison, and there learned the Lament which he hoped would engage the populace to assist his friends in delivering him from the civil power, when disengumbered from his fetters, preparatory to his execution ; but as she said, " they wadna trust the meesic o' his voice, but choaked him before his time." She had left her ain fousk to gang to Badenoch, the laund o' her dear and her dool, and she insisted Glenorchy was Badenoch, because the people spoke Gaelic, and there were " bonny lads and red cheeked lasses." Some person asked if she was a gipsy ? She seemed quite indignant, and replied, " na, na, she was born in haly marriage and baptizeed in haly kirk." The fragments of the Lament were literally stolen from this man^c mourner. A gentleman attempted to write from her singing, but she wept bitterly at the idea of " giving away," as she termed it, " the remains of her dear Jamie." The gentleman engaged some friends to prevail with " Jamie's Lassie," the only name she was known by, to sing—which with much difficulty was accomplished, and the gentleman busily employed his pencil writing as she sung.

NEW WAY

or

ANDREW LAMMIE.

At Mill of Tifly lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie,

He had a lovely daughter fair,
 Was called bonny Annie.
 Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That hails the rosy morning,
 With innocence and graceful mien,
 Her beauteous form adorning.
 Lord Fyvie had a Trumpeter,
 Whose name was Andrew Lammie,
 He had the art to gain the heart
 Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.
 Proper he was both young and gay,
 His like was not in Fyvie,
 Nor was ane there that could compare,
 With this same Andrew Lammie.
 Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
 Where lived Tifty's Annie,
 His trumpeter rode him before,
 Even this same Andrew Lammie.
 Her mother called her to the door,
 Come here to me my Annie,
 Did e'er you see a prettier man,
 Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.
 Nothing she said but sighing sore,
 Alas ! for bonny Annie :
 She durst not own her heart was won,
 By the trumpeter of Fyvie.
 At night when all went to their bed,
 All slept full soon but Annie,
 Love so oppress'd her tender breast,
 Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

Love comes in at my bedside,
 And love lies down beyoad me,
 Love so oppress'd my tender breast,
 And love will waste my body.
 The first time me and my love met,
 Was in the wood of Fyvie,
 His lovely form, his speech so soft,
 Soon gained the heart of Annie.
 He called me mistress, I said no,
 I'm Tifty's bonny Annie;
 With apples sweet he did me treat,
 And kisses soft and many.
 Its up and down in Tifty's den,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
 I've often gone to meet my love,
 My bonny Andrew Lamiae,
 But now alas ! her father heard
 That the trumpeter of Fyvie
 Had had the art to gain the heart,
 Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.
 Her father soon a letter wrote,
 And sent it on to Fyvie,
 To tell his daughter was bewitched,
 By his servant Andrew Lamiae,
 Then up the stair his trumpeter,
 He called soon and shortly,
 Pray tell me soon what's this you've done,
 To Tifty's bonny Annie ?
 Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride,
 For it has ruined many,

They'll not have't said that she would wed
 The trumpeter of Fyvie.
 In wicked art I had no part,
 Nor therein am I canny,
 True love alone the heart has won
 Of Tifty's bonny Annie.
 Where will I find a boy so kind,
 That will carry a letter canny,
 Who will run to Tifty's town,
 Give it to my love Annie.
 Tifty he has daughters three,
 Who all are wondrous bonny,
 But ye'll ken her o'er a' the rest,
 Give that to bonny Annie.
 Its up and down in Tifty's den,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
 There wilt thou come and I'll attend,
 My love I long to see thee.
 Thou mayst come to the Bridge of Slugh,
 And there I'll come and meet thee,
 And there we will renew our love,
 Before I go and leave you.
 My love I go to Edinburgh town,
 And for a while must leave thee,
 She sighed sore and said no more,
 But I wish that I were with you.
 I'll buy to thee a bridal-gown,
 My love I'll buy it bonny,
 But I'll be bad ere ye come back,
 To see your bonny Annie.

If ye'll be true and constant too,
 As I am Andrew Lammie,
 I shall thee wed when I come back,
 To see the lands of Fyvie.
 I will be true and constant too,
 To thee my Andrew Lammie,
 I shall thee wed when ye come back,
 To see the lands of Fyvie.
 I will be true and constant too,
 To thee my Andrew Lammie,
 But my bridal bed or then'll be made,
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.
 The time is gone and now comes on,
 My dear that I must leave thee,
 If longer here I should appear,
 Mill of Tifty he would see me,
 I now for ever bid adieu,
 To thee my Andrew Lammie,
 Or ye come back I will be laid,
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.
 He hied him to the head of the house,
 To the house top of Fyvie,
 He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,
 It was heard at Mill of Tifty.
 Her father locked the door at night,
 Laid by the keys fou' cannie,
 And when he heard the trumpet sound,
 Said your cow is lowing, Annie.
 My father dear, I pray forbear,
 And reproach not your Annie,

I'd rather hear that cow to low,
 Than all the kye in Fyvie.
 I would not for my braw new gown,
 And a' your gifts so many,
 That it was told in Fyvie land,
 How cruel you are to Annie.
 But if ye strike me I will cry,
 And gentlemen will hear me,
 Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
 And he'll come in and see me.
 At the same time the Lord came in,
 He said what ails thee Annie?
 Its all for love now I must die,
 For bonny Andrew Lammie.
 Pray Mill of Tiffy give consent,
 And let your daughter marry?
 It will be with some higher match
 Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.
 If she were come of as high a kind,
 As she's advanced in beauty,
 I would take her unto myself,
 And make her my own lady.
 Fyvie lands are far and wide,
 And they are wondrous bonny,
 But I would not leave my own true love,
 For all the lands in Fyvie.
 Her father struck her wondrous sore,
 As also did her mother,
 Her sisters also did her scorn,
 But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her ~~and~~^{had} sore in side
 With cruel strokes and many evill bloude I
 He broke her back in the ~~back~~^{hall} door, so foul
 For liking Andrew Lamme.
 Alas ! my father and mother dear,
 Why so crivel to your Annie,
 My heart was broken first by love,
 My brother has broke my body.
 O mother dear, make me my bed,
 And lay my face to Fyvie,
 Thus will I lie and thus will die,
 For my dear Andrew Lamme.
 Ye neighbours hear baith far and near,
 And pity Tifty's Annie,
 Who dies for love of the poor lad,
 For bonny Andrew Lamme.
 No kind of vice ever stained my life,
 Or hurt my virgin honour:
 My youthful heart was won by love,
 But death will me exonerate.
 Her mother then she made her bed,
 And laid her face to Fyvie,
 Her tender heart it soon did break,
 And never saw Andrew Lamme.
 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
 Said alas ! for Tifty's Annie;
 The fairest flower cut down by love,
 That ever sprang in Fyvie.
 Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride,

He might have let them marry,
I should have given them both to live,
Into the lands of Fyvie.
Her father sorely now laments,
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had given consent,
To wed with Andrew Lammie.
When Andrew home from Edinbro' came,
With much grief and sorrow,
My love is dead for me to-day,
I'll die for her to-morrow.
Now I will run to Tifty's den,
For the burn runs clear and bonny,
With tears I'll view the Bridge of Slugh,
Where I parted with my Annie.
Then will I speed to the kirk-yard,
To the green kirk-yard of Fyvie,
With tears I'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tifty's Annie.

OLD WAY

or

ANDREW LAMMIE.

AT Fyvie's yett, there grows a flower,

It grows baith braid and bonny;

There's a daisy in the midst o' it,

And its ca'd Andrew Lammie.

" O gin that flower war in my brest,

For the love I bear the laddie;

I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,

And daut it for Andrew Lammie."

The first time me and my love met,

Was in the woods of Fyvie;

" He kissed me five thousand times,

And ay he ca'd me bonny;

And a' the answer he gat frae me,

War my bonny Andrew Lammie!"

" Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh;

Love, I maun gang and leave thee."

" I siced sair, and said nae mair,

But, O gin I war wi' ye!"

" But true and trusty will I be,

As I am Andrew Lammie,

I'll never kiss a woman's mouth,

Till I come back and see thee."

" And true and trusty will I be,

As I am Tiftie's Annie;

I'll never kiss a man again,
 Till ye come back and see me."

Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh,
 To the bonny hows o' Fyvie;
 And ay his face to the nor'west,
 To look for Tifftie's Annie.

I hae a lovè in Edinburgh,
 Sae hae I intill Leith man;
 I hae a love intill Montrose,
 Sae hae I in' Dalkeith man.

"And east and west where e'er I go,
 My love she's always wi' me;
 For east and west where e'er I go,
 My love she dwells in Fyvie."

"My love possess a' my heart,
 Nae pen can e'er indite her;
 She's ay sae stately as she goes,
 That I see nae mair like her."

"But Tifftie winna gi'e consent,
 His dochter me to marry,
 Because she has five thousand marks,
 And I hae not a penny."

"Love pines away, love dwines away,
 Love, love, decays the body;
 For love o' thee, oh I must die;
 Adieu, my bonny Annie!"

Her mither raise out o' her bed,
 And ca'd in baith her women;
 "What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear?
 O Annie, was ye dreanin?"

What dule disturb'd my dochter's sleep ?

O tell to me, my Annie !"

She siced right sair, and said nae mair,

But, " O for Andrew Lammie !"

Her father beat her cruellie,

Sae also did her mother ;

Her sisters sair did scoff at her :

But wae betide her brother !

Her brother beat her cruellie,

Till his straiks war na canny ;

He brack her back, and he beat her sides,

For the sake o' Andrew Lammie.

" O fie, O fie, my brother dear,

The gentlemen'll shame ye ;

The Laird o' Fyvie he's gaun by,

And he'll come in and see me.

" And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me,

And he will spier what ails me ;

And I will answer him again,

Its a' for Andrew Lammie."

Her sisters they stoo'd in the door,

Sair griev'd her wi' their folly ;

" O sister dear, come to the door,

Your cow is lowin' on you."

" O fie, O fie, my sisters dear,

Grieve me not wi' your folly ;

I'd rather hear the trumpet sound,

Than a' the kye o' Fyvie.

" Love pines away, love dwines away,

Love, love, decays the body ;

For love o' thee, now I maun die—

Adieu to Andrew Lammie!"

But Tifftie's wrote a braid letter,

And sent it unto Fyvie,

Saying, his daughter was bewitch'd,

By bonny Andrew Lammie.

" Now Tifftie, ye maun gi'e consent,

And lat the lassie marry."

" I'll never, never gi'e consent

To the trumpeter o' Fyvie."

When Fyvie look'd the letter on,

He was baith sad and sorry;

Says, " the bonniest lass o' the country side

Has died for Andrew Lammie."

O Andrew's gane to the house top,

O' the bonny house o' Fyvie;

He's blawn his horn baith loud and shrill,

O'er woods and lawns o' Fyvie,

" Mony a time ha'e I walk'd a' night,

And never yet was weary;

But now I may walk wae my lane,

For I'll never see my deary.

Love pines away, love dwines away,

Love, love, decays the body;

For the love o' thee now I maun die—

I come my bonny Annie.

NOTES.

THERE is another set of this song; but I have not inserted it in this Collection as it would carry too much sameness, although a little variation in the verse. Of the poetry or the pathos of these two pieces I can say but very little. Those who like me have often, and that in my earlier years, heard them sung with a peculiar wild sweetness by the female minstrels at their wheel; when, I say, they do but recollect the sympathies which they then created, and the interest with which they were listened to by the circle around the cheering fire, they cannot be but disposed to treat them with a degree of indulgence; and even with approbation, which is not to be expected from readers of a different description. Yet, it is presumed, that even those to whom their rude simplicity as compositions may have no charms, will not be displeased to see them preserved here: I must take in the singular number, and speak of the old version, and leave my readers to form their own ideas of the modern. The ancient, indeed, is almost entirely without rhymes; as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at, and the few instances of rhyme that occur appear to be rather casual than intentional. My readers will please observe, that the maiden name of the girl was Agnes, though metamorphosed into Annie, for the sake of the rhyme, such as it is.

The peculiarity must render it an object of considerable curiosity to such as wish to investigate the history of poetry, real or traditional; and as, in making this Collection, I have endeavoured to keep the illustration of the subject constantly in view, and am particularly pleased that I am able to furnish the curious inquirer with another copy of the artless tale of unfortunate love, differing in almost every verse from the modern.

This affair took place in the latter end of the year 1630, as is evinced by a flat stone in the church-yard of Fyvie, now broke in many pieces, on which are these words, rudely cut—"Here lies Agnes Smith who died the 9th of January 1631."

What afterwards became of the unfortunate trumpeter I could never learn, but it is reported, that some years subsequent to the melancholy fate of his Agnes, her sad story chanced to be sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present; he remained silent and motionless till he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and at the same time several of the buttons flew from his waistcoat. This will immediately put the reader of taste in mind of the exquisite picture of nature drawn by Shakespeare, where King Lear calls to those about him to unbutton him. But the peasants borrowed not this striking characteristic of excessive grief from any volume, but from the book of nature.

This action was done fifty-nine years before the Lords of Fyvie were extinct. Seton, Lord Fyvie, was descended from the ancient Earls of Duffernamle, created Lord Fyvie in 1591, and were forfeited 1690, holding the Lordship for more than a century.

THE BATTLE OF ALFORD,

FOUGHT, JULY 3, 1646.

A FRAGMENT.

The Grahams and Gordons of Aboyne,

Camped at Drumminor bog;

At the castle there they lay all night,

And left them scarce a hog.

The black Baillie, that wild dog,
Appeared in our sight;
We quickly raise up frae the bog,
To Alford march'd that night.

We lay at Lesly aff night;
They camped at Asloun;
And up we raise afore daylight,
To ding the beggars doon.

Before we was in battle rank,
We was ament Mill Hill;
I wat fell weel they gar'd us rue,
We gat fighting our fill.

They hunted us, and dunted us,
They drove us here and thiere;
Until three hundred of our men,
Lay gasping in their lair.

The Earl of Mar the right wing guided,
The colours stood him by;
Lord George Gordon the left wing guided,
Who well the sword could ply.

There came a ball shot frae the west,
That shot him thro' the back;

Altho' he was our enemy,
We grieved for his wreck.

We cannot say 'twas his own men,
But yet it came that way ;
In Scotland, there was not a match
To that man, where he lay.

NOTES.

THIS fragment commences with the army of Montrose encamped at Drumminor, with a corps of 2000 foot and 250 horse, commanded by Lord George Gordon, Nathaniel Gordon, Sir William Rollock, and the Earl of Aboyne, with George Graham Drummond of Balloch, and Glengarry; and owing to so many of the illustrious House of Gordon being in the camp, our poet has blended the Houses of Aboyne and Montrose in one verse, which makes it look so awkward: But I have added the plural number to the Grahams, and have added the word *and* before the Gordons, which makes it more intelligible.—e. g:

The Graham Gordons of Aboyne,

Altered—

The Grahams and Gordons of Aboyne,

But my readers may adopt which of the verses they choose.

The most of the song is lost, and eight stanzas are all that can be had of the whole, and that very irregular: none of the persons in life can repeat any of the stanzas, but what are here inserted.

The Marquis of Montrose marched from Pitlurg, where he lay encamped, June the 30th, and marched to Drumminor on the 1st of July, where he encamped. Early on the 2d, on the news of

Baillie's army marching forward; they departed from Drumisir and marched across the river Don, a mile below the Church of Alford, and the army bivouacked on the east of the river Leochel, below the farm of Wellhouse, while Montrose and Aboyne lodged in the Castle of Auldn. Baillie, the Covenanter General, being informed that Macdonald with a very strong party was absent, resolved to seek out Montrose and give him battle, and encamped July 2d. at Lesly in the Garioch; but decamped on the morrow at three o'clock, A. M., and marched so meet Montrose. They drew up near the farm of Mill Hill, on a muir in the parish of Tullyneale, and determined to cross the Don. Baillie's army consisted of 2000 foot and 600 horse.

Montrose now went to the Don with a troop of horse, to see the order and motion of the enemy, when he was informed, that both horse and foot were crossing the Don; on hearing this, he left the horse, and went and took possession of the battle ground at Alford, and placed his men in battle order, when he was agreeably surprised to find William Forbes of Skellater, at the head of 200 brave highlandmen. The reason of this was, that Forbes had plundered some cattle belonging to the Marquis of Huntly, who vowed vengeance for this offence on the race of Forbes.--- William Forbes going on his marauding plan one day, was met on the verge of the Don by John Gordon of Glenbucket, who invited him to his castle, which Forbes, dreading harm, would not do; but on Gordon giving his parole of honour, he entered his castle, where Glenbucket told him, that Huntly would forgive him the insult, provided he would give him a day of himself and his men against Baillie, to which he agreed, and they parted quietly.--- On July 2d. Forbes and his men, went to the Castle of Lenturk, held at that time by Sir Leslie, a younger cadet of the House of Dens, who bore arms quarterly first and fourth, the arms of Dens with

in a budeulen verb, "Gales," A sheaf of holy containing seven leaves, and huddled at the first. MORRO.—Priseque Perennant.
 At second for a long period, the Forbeses bore an enmity towards the families of LenTurk. In the reign of James VI John Sirathan of LenTurk falsely and unjustly accused John Lord Forbes of high treason, which, although not proven, yet he was beheaded. In 1643 William Forbes, with some of his men, came to LenTurk, where they staid that night; but Irvine had used them scurvily, which they bore in mind, and on the evening prior to the battle of Alford came to the Castle and shut up Irvine in one of the rooms, and then with his men laved at large on what was in the Castle, and at night sent some of his men, headed by one M'Hardy, to Curgarff with all Irvine's cattle, with orders to return by 6 of the clock, A.M. which they did. After their return they released Irvine from his confinement, who was filled with surprise on beholding all his cattle drove off. Forbes with a sarcastic smile told him, had not he with his men been there, the blame would have lighted on Skellater—so saying, he marched with his men to join Montrose.

Baillie now learned, that the Earl of Lindsay had drawn off the veteran troops of his corps, but yet he was constrained to fight Montrose through the importunities of the nobles in his camp, in opposition to his own better judgment.

Meantime now drew up his men in battle order; Lord George Gordon assisted by Nathaniel Gordon, commanded the right wing, opposite to where was the greatest strength of the enemy's horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Aboyne, aided by Sir William Hollocke. The main body was commanded by Glengarry and Drummond of Balloch, assisted by Geo. Graham, Master of the Camp. The Stratford Highlanders were governed by Forbes of Skellater, and the reserve at the back of the hill

was commanded by Lord Napier. Baillie now marched close to the enemy and gave a smart charge, and then his soldiers quitting their musquets, rushed forward sword in hand on the Grahams, when blood and slaughter raged over the plain.

O blind to think, that cruel war can please the Prints of Peace ! He who erects his altars in the heat, pollutes the shrines of human blood, and all the false deviation of his intent which massacres the world he died to save.

Napier bringing up the reserve terrified the enemy, and put them to flight. Lord George Gordon was shot through the back while pursuing the flying foe. Nearly the whole of Baillie's infantry were cut off; his baggage, three pieces of canon, many musquets, money, and other arms, were taken by the Grahams. Montrose had no private men killed, but Lord Gordon, Muat of Ballquholy, and Ogilvie of Milngavie, and these were buried in the church-yard of Alford.

The labouring peasants, with the crooked shovels turning the glebe, shall plough up javelins furred with copper rats, and with the ponderous rakes clash against empty helmets, and admire big manly bones digged from their opened graves.

Near the church, in a ploughed field, is the vestige of the Castle of Alford, a place of strength, and had been surrounded by a large fossé, now mostly invisible by the labouring plough.

While digging in the moss for fuel, long after the battle, many pieces of armour were dug up, some lead balls, and a great many old coins; some are yet in the possession of Mr. Farquharson of Haughton, a two florin piece of Maximilian Count Palatine, and a dollar of Philip IV. of Spain.

The battle of Alford was the ninth battle won by Montrose over the Covenanters.

We meet with an eulogium similar to stanza the eighth of the fragment, in the old Ballad called Keith Earl Marischal, beginning thus :

Brave Keith was Earl Marischall's son,
Of noble kind was he ;
But when the Earl of Mar was beat,
He from this isle did flee.

II.

He was a cabinet of wit,
He was my ruling plan ;
He was the darling of my heart,
O thou brave mortal man.

III.

When Frederick knew that Keith was dead,
He cried, my father dear,
My dearest friend, when hard bestead,
Thy counsel still was near.

IV.

Prince Frederick, of the same blood,
Lies by thee, slain indeed ;
But thou, brave Keith, worth thousands ten,
For help in time of need,

V.

And for thy sake brave valiant Keith,
My tears shall never dry ;
My sword in peace shall never sheath,
Till Dant or I shall die.

VI.

But Daun, I dar'd thee to the field,
 But forth ye durst not come ;
 Till cover'd by the darksome night,
 The dreary deed was done.

Daun was the Austrian Commander. Keith was slain at the battle of Hochkirchen, in Lusatia, fought in 1758, in the 63d year of his age.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW, FOUGHT, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1411.

FRAE Dunideer as I cam thro',
 Doun by the hill o' Bennochie,
 Along the lands o' Garrioch ;
 Grite pitie 'twas to hear and see,
 The noyse an' dulsom hermonie,
 That e'er the dreirie day did daw,
 Cryin and cronnaichen on hie,
 Alas ! alas ! for the Harlaw !
 I marvilt quhat the matter meint,
 A' folks war in a firy fary ;
 I wist nocht quha was fae or friend ;
 Zit quickly on my way did carry.
 But sin the daies o' auld king Harry,
 Sic slaughter was nae heard or seen,
 But thair I had nae time to tannie,

For bissiness in Aberdeen.
 Thus as I walkit on my way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I mete a man I bad him stay,
 Desiring him me to acquaint,
 Of the beginning and event
 That happened thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he desir'd me to tak tent,
 And he the truth to me would schaw.
 Grite Donald of the Isles did claim,
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 Unto the Governor he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he micht:
 Quha saw his interest was bat slicht,
 And thairfore answerit wi' disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day an' nicht,
 And sent no bedwards bak agen.
 But Donald was richt impatient,
 With the answer that Duke Robett gaif,
 And sware by God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or els be graithed to his graif;
 He wou'd na quit his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a staif:
 That bargain shou'd be dearly bocht.
 Than hastily he gave command,
 That a' his weir men shou'd convene,
 Ilk ane weel harness'd arms in hand;
 To meit and hear quhat he did mein;
 He waxed wroth and vowed then,

That he would seen surprize the North,
 Subdue the town of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, all Fyfe, to Forth.
 Thus with his weirmen o' the Isles,
 Qha war ayē at his bidden boun,
 With mony made by forse and wyles,
 Frae far and neir baith up an' doun :
 Thro' mount and muir, frae toun to toun,
 Alang the lands of Ross he roars,
 And all obey his slaggan soun,
 Even frae the North to Suthern shores.
 Then a' his countrymen did yield ;
 For they docht nae resistance mak,
 Nor offer battle in the field,
 Bi forse o' arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne they resolved a' and spak,
 The best that was for their behuve,
 They wou'd him for thair chifstain tak,
 Beleiving weil he them did luve.
 Then he a' proclamation made,
 A' men to mete at Inverness,
 Thro' Murray land to mak a raid,
 Frae Artl na Soeur unto Spey-ness.
 And furthermore, he sent express,
 To schaw his colours and ensetzie,
 To all the lands baith more and less,
 Throu't the bounds of Boyn and Ehzie,
 And thro' fair Strathboggie land,
 His purpose was still to pursue,
 An' quhasoevir docht with stand,

That race they shou'd full sairly rue,
Then he bad a' his men be true,

And him defend by force and slicht,
An' promist them rewards anue,
To mak them of meikle micht.

Without resistance as he said,

Thro' a' these parts he stoutly pas'd,
Quhair sum war wae, an' sum war glaid,
But Garrioch was a' agast.

Thro' all these fields he spede him fast,
But sic a sicht was never sene;
An' then, forsuith, he lang'd at last,

To see the brugh of Aberdene,
To hinder this grite enterprize,

The stut an' mighty Erle of Marre,
With all his men in arms did ryse,

Doun frae Curgarff to Callivar;
An' doun the ryde of Don richt far,

Angus and Mearns did their convene
To fecht, ere Donald came sae near,

The royal brugh o' Aberdene,
An' thus the martial Erle of Marr,

Marcht wi' his men in richt array,
Before that Donald was awar,

His banner banldy did display,
For weil aneugh they kend the way;

An' a' thair semblancee weil they saw,
Without or danger, or delay,

March'd hastily doun to Harlaw,
With him the good lord Ogilvie,

Of Angus sherrif principal,
 The constabill ske of Dundee,
 The vanguard led before them all.
 Suppose in number they wer small,
 They first richt bauldly did pursue,
 And made their fases before them fall.
 Quha then that race did sadly rue.
 And then the worthy lord Saltoun,
 The stout undaunted laird of Drum,
 The stalwart laird of Laurieston,
 With ilk their forces all an' sum,
 Panmuir with a' his men did cum.
 The Provost braif of Aberden,
 Wi' trumpet an' wi' tuik o' drum,
 Came schortly wi' thair armour shene.
 Then wi' the Erle of Mar came on,
 In the reir ward richt orderlie.
 Their enemies they set upon,
 In awful manner hardilie.
 Together yowit to live or die,
 Since they had marchit see moby mile.
 All to suppress the tyranny
 Of doubted Donald of the Isles.
 But he had number ten for one,
 Richt subtily they alang did ryde.
 With Macintosh and fell Maclean,
 With all their powers at their syde.
 Presumand on their strength and pwyde,
 Without a' fair or any awe,
 Richt bauldlie battel did abyde.

Hard by the toun of fair Harlaw.
 The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The rolling drums aloud did tick,
 Baith parties byding on the bounds,
 Till ane o' them the field shou'd bruik.
 Nae help was there, for nane would jouk,
 Ferse was the fecht on either syde,
 An' on the groud lay many a bouk,
 Of them that thair did battel byde.
 With doubtsome victorie they dealt,
 That bluidy battel lasted lang,
 Each man his neebors forse there felt;
 The weakest astimes gat the wrang.
 It was nae mows being them arrang,
 Naething was heard but heavy knocks,
 That echo made a daleful sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.
 At last Sir Donald's men gaif back,
 For they were all out off array,
 The Erle of Marr's men thro' them brack,
 Pursuing sharply in their way,
 Thair enemies to tak or slay
 By dint of forse, to gar them yield,
 Quha were richt blyth to get away;
 And sae for fear they tnt the field.
 But Donald fled, and that fu' fast,
 To mountains hie for a' his micht;
 For he ~~on~~ his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out o' sicht;
 An' sae of Ross he lost his richt;

Tho' mony'men wi' him he brocht,
 Towards the Isles fled day and nicht;
 An' all he wan was deirlie hecht,
 This is (quod he) the richt report,
 Of a' that I did hear, an' knew,
 Tho' my discourse be something schort.
 Tak this to be a richt sutha schaw:
 Contrair to God an' the king's law,
 There was spilt meikle Christian blude,
 At the sad battel of Harlaw;
 This is the sum, sae I conclude,
 But zit a little quhile abyde,
 An' I shall mak ye cleirly ken,
 Quhat slachter was on milka syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highlandmen,
 Quha for their awin haif wi'r bone;
 These lazy loons micht weil be spar'd,
 Chessit lyke deirs into their den,
 An' gat thair wages for reward,
 Now M'Intosh, Clan Chattan's cheif,
 M'Lean with his gripe haughty head,
 With all their succour and releif,
 War dulefully dung to the deid;
 And now we are free of their feud,
 They will not lang to cum agen;
 Thousands of them without remeid,
 On Donald's syde that day were slayn.
 And on the other syde war lost,
 Upon the field that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth, of meikle cost,

To be lamentit sair for ay.
The lord Salton of Rotheimay,
A man of meikle might an' main;
Grite dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappily was slayn.
Of the best men amang them was,
The gracious gude lord Ogilvie,
The principal of fair Angus,
Renown'd for truth an' equitie,
For faith an' magnanimitie;
He had few fellows on the field,
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wou'd grant to zeild.
Sir James Scrimgoor of Duddop, knicht,
Grite constabill of fair Dundee,
Unto the duleful death was dicht,
The king's cheif banner-man was he,
A valiant man in chivalry,
Quhais predecessor wan that place
At Spey, with gude king William frie,
Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race,
And gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
The much renowitz laird of Drum,
None in his days was better sene,
Quhen they war semblit all an' sum,
To praise we cannot be dum,
For valour wit and wordyness,
To end his daies he thair did cum,
Quhose ransom is remeidyless.
And thair the knicht of Lawriestone

Was slayne into his armour schene,

And gude Sir Robert Davison,

Quha Provost was of Aberdene.

The knicht of Panmuir, as was sene,

A mortal man in armour bricht.

Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,

Bad to the warl thair last gude nicht.

There was not sin' king Keaneth's dayis,

Sic strange intestine cruel strife

In Scotland seen; as ilk man says,

Quhair many a liklie lost thair lyfe;

Quhilk made divorce twene man an' wyfe,

An' mony childrenee fatherless,

Quhilk in this realm has bene full ryse;

Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress.

In July, on Saint James his even,

That four and twenty dismal day,

Twelve hundred, tenscore and eleven

Of zeirs sen Christ, the suthe to say;

Men will remember as they may,

Quhen thus the veritiie they know,

An' mony aane may murn for ay,

The bluidy battel o' Harlaw.

NOTES.

THIS is not the original verse of this song, probably they are lost, but this is some imitation; but as it has gone through a great many hands, it has undergone many changes and interpolations, each song-wright new modelling and garbling it to

suit their own fancies. Many words were thrown into this copy which I could find no meaning for at all, nor could they in my thought imply any, nor convey any sense, but in the sound, as an old gentleman of my acquaintance, who repeated this song to me, was pleased to observe, when any pause occurred, that he had or could supply the hiatus himself. But alas ! the addenda was odious, as may easily be seen in stanza the fourth, for the word *impatient* he had substituted *impotent*, to make it terminate and sound with the word *on impotent* in the third verse of the same stanza. In stanza the sixth there is a word added which I never recollect to have heard in ~~and~~ the end, here inserted (*bandean*), and its fact I know not what to make of it. This same venerable gentleman, who makes several attempts at poetry, or rather at prose run mad, has a knack at coining words to his own verse, sense or nonsense, all is one, helter skelter down they go, and he is spoken of as a prodigy. In the year 1801 there was a copy of this song printed at Aberdeen, in some respects similar to that repeated by the old gentleman; and on comparing them, I found that they corresponded in every part, but some of the verses were better modelled in the last than in the first: but what was my surprise to find the word formerly alluded to now metamorphosed into (*handown*), which is not much better suited to the purpose. I have taken the liberty to substitute the word *daggon*, a contraction of *slug-horn*, or war cry of the Clans, which suits better the occasion, as Donald is in the act of raising soldiers in every country through which he passed. I recollect to have heard a Reverend Gentleman in black observe, and that very often, he was but a poor poet who could not supply a deficiency in any song.

But this song had been originally written in Gadic; as is evident from the guttural and nasal sound of many of the words.

which are not in use in the English. The Garry, or as it is wrote (Garrioch), retains the harsh sound of Garr-i-ack, and the name of a country near Fort George, spoken of in the eighth stanza, called Ard na Sowr, extending like the lands of Formartin or Garrioch, a large tract of land, the nasal word *enseenzie*, pronounced thus *en seng y* i. e. the colours or standards, the ensign, and it sounds with the other verse which terminates with *Enzie*, a country on the north of the Spey.

The antiquity of the action, and a love for my native country, has made me insert this song in the collection, and not for any love for the verse, which is miserable, stiff, and uneven; but this has perhaps been from the translation, which, as a wit once said, every thing suffers greatly by translation but a clergyman.

It appears to be sung, or rather said, in an unpleasant drawing measure, which calls to mind the precious translations and verse on the Psalms by Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins, which was the cause of much risibility. They run on pretty nearly like this song, with the same awkward words of "for ever and ay," or, "for ever and a day," and the ungrammatical words forced in, such as, "for to meet and hear what he did mean." For *to* and *did* are not used conjointly in English poetry, but separately, as occasion requires; but *did* is hardly ever used in poetry, unless in old poetry, as it is become obsolete in the Poetical Dictionary.

Songs of War and Love are the most used in Caledonia, and oftener the first, as they have been handed down from age to age from the days of Ossian, as it was customary for every Chieftain to keep in his family a bard or poet who sung to his harp the feats of war, and an eulogium on some of the family who had fallen in battle, and this fired the breasts of the young

hearers to walk in the steps of honour and dread no danger; and as war was common in Scotland during the whole of the feudal period, we will not be surprised to see so many vestigia in Caledonia.

In Britain where the hills and fertile plains,
 Like her toilsome page, are overspread
 With vestiges of war—the shepherd boy
 Climbs the green hillock to survey his flock,
 There sweetly sleeps upon his favorite hill;
 Not conscious that his bed's a warrior's tomb!

The first stanza begins with the Castle of Dunideer, a fragment of a vitrified fortification on a beautiful hill in the parish of Insch, which has been a great subject of controversy among the writers of Scottish history. This Castle was the seat of Gregory the Great, Maormor of Garrioch, who died there in the year 892, and was buried at Iona. Cordiner is of opinion that Dunideer is coeval with the Abbey of Deer, and that it is much latter than the time of Gregory, and he makes this observation, that the architecture of both had been pretty similar. The Abbey of Deer was built in the earlier part of the 13th century, but their similarity of style can have little or no weight, for unfortunately the circumstance alone of its being vitrified makes a most essential and distinctive difference between the two buildings, and we can easily fix the Castle of Dunideer in the 9th century, as the vitrified architecture ended in the year 1070. But the reason of this notion was there being an Abbey at both places, the one the Abbey of Deer, and the other of Dunideer, or Hill of Deer, and that the Abbots had fixed on this beautiful ground to erect this Abbey, and from this it received the name of Dunideer, which indeed is a foolish

notion, foreign to the subject, as the Abbies were not connected, nor held by one Abbot.

The song begins thus :

Frae Dunideer as I cam thro',

Doun by the hill o' Bennachie,

I meet with a somewhat similar stanza in the old song called the battle of Glenlivat :

Frae Dunideer to Aberdene,

I raise and took my way ;

Believing well it had not been

Full half an hour of day. -

Bennachie, mentioned in the first stanza, is a noted mountain in the Garrioch, parish of Logie Durno, now three parishes united, and called Chapel of Garrioch. This mountain is 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and has several remarkable monuments of antiquity on the summit and at the foot, some of which I shall take notice of.

On the summit is a strong fortification erected by the Picts; and here Andrew Leslie, fifth Baron of Balquhain, had his retreat in the year 1419: at the foot is a remarkable stone, called Leslie's Cross, on which are many hieroglyphics. This hill is often made mention of in song, as in that fabulous song called John of Bennochie, and in that song called the Bonny Lass o' Bennochie.

The second stanza leads us to the field of battle called Harlaw, 19 miles from Aberdeen, and I mean to give a brief account of the cause of that contest, which caused so much bloodshed.

This affair commenced through the commotions occasioned by the violence of Robert Duke of Albany, Regent of the kingdom, who deprived Donald of the Isles of the Earldom of Ross, although his right, he being the next heir.

On the death of Robert III. or John, the first born son of Robert Stuart II. who married Lady Elizabeth Moir, daughter to the Right Hon. Adam Moir of Abercorn, by whom he had John, and Robert who was made Duke of Albany. John at his coronation, Sunday, March 24, 1390, assumed the name of Robert III. He married Annabella Drummond, daughter to James Drummond, Earl of Perth, and Chancellor of Scotland. Annabella was crowned, Monday, March 25, in the same year with her husband.

Buchanan, with his usual asperity and malice to royalty, broaches an untruth, by calling the mother of Robert III. Lady Moir, a concubine to the King, whereas she was his lawful Queen, which malicious report contradicts his history. On the death of Robert, James his son was unjustly and cruelly detained a prisoner in England, by his Majesty Henry IV, which violated the truce which had been made between the two kingdoms. Robert Duke of Albany, who had virtually been Regent during the life of his father Robert, now grasped the helm, and ruled Scotland with an uncontrolled sway, and his title and right to the Regency was acknowledged by some of the Nobility who were the greatest sycophants of the age. Under these parasites Robert reigned, although the Nobility at that period lived on their own domains more like independent Sovereigns, than as subjects under regal government. The English used every means policy could invent to weaken Scotland, and therefore encouraged disaffection among the nobility. Donald of the Isles again sought his right, which was again denied. Henry of England entered into a firm alliance with Donald, a person who at any time but faintly acknowledged his subjection to the Crown of Scotland, on being denied his right to the Earldom of Ross, fled to the court of Henry, who openly espoused him.

cause. Buoyed up with the flatteries of that monarch, Donald returned to Scotland, where, finding every application vain, he takes the field with 1000 brave highlanders, marches into Ross-shire, and seized the lands in dispute. The vassals on the property and many others joined his standard, so that he collected a body of 10,000 soldiers, with which he marched through the lands of Murray and Strathbogie to the Garrioch, ravaging as he went, and now he buoyed up his soldiers with the promise of a rich booty in the plunder of Aberdeen. His real motive for penetrating south so far is not well known, but it seems probable, he had some farther object in view than plunder, and that he had been prompted by the intrigues of Henry to aspire to the Crown. But whatever were his motives, his views were all frustrated by the bravery of the people of the Counties of Kincardine and Angus, and the citizens of Aberdeen.

The progress of Donald alarmed the Regent, who sent a commission to Alexander Stuart, Earl of Mar, to levy forces and oppose him. The Earl of Mar hastily collected almost the whole of the men of power between the rivers Tay and Spey, consisting of the Lyons, Ogilvies, Maules, Carnegies, Lindsays, Erskines, Fotheringhams, Leslies, Forbeses, Frasers, Irvines, Menzieses, Gordons, Burnetts, Abercrombies, Bannermans, Leiths, Duguids, Mowats, Barclays, &c. with their vassals, including Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen, with many of the brave citizens, so that they formed a body of 6000 rank and file. Supported by these brave knights and their followers, the Earl of Mar was chosen their General; they marched to Harlaw, where Donald lay encamped, July 24, 1411.

Here we must pause for a short space, and view the adverse parties in martial array, and shudder at the idea of so many brave men ready to rush on instant death, and brother thirsting

to spill brother's blood. Hear what the poet says on this subject :

Spirit of death,
 That through the ranks of WAR dost range unseen !
 O God of battles ! when shall slaughter cease,
 And man awake from this strange dream of life ?
 Will not the tears of pity and the cries
 Of countless orphans, and the shrieks of death,
 Relentless power ! nor even the suppliant look
 Of mildly beaming mercy stay thine arm ?
 It were a sight that would high heaven rejoice,
 If the proud victors, in the awful hour,
 Of widely wasting war, and with the wreath
 Of glory crown'd, amid the loud acclaim
 Of warlike soldiery, flush'd with crimson pride
 Of conquest—o'er the dying and the dead,
 If happily HE should cast one pitying look,
 Drop his red sword, and weep the work of death !

A desparate battle now ensued. The combatants fought fiercely arm to arm and the issue was uncertain ; but the darkness of the night put an end to the contest. The Earl of Mar claimed the victory, as he remained on the field. Donald lost 900 of his army, and all his baggage, and standard which was taken by Provost Davidson. The chiefs of the Clans M'Intosh and M'Lean were killed, and were carried to the church-yard of Kinkell, and there buried. Reader, cast a retrospective view on the field, and see the number of mortals wallowing some in blood, others had sent their sentient sparks to wander in unknown regions, and spears and helmets lying promiscuously on the ground. Soldiers, with the grasp of death, holding

in their hands pieces of broken armour, a sight shocking to behold.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
 That shook the earth with thund'ring tread;
 'Twas death I in haste
 The warrior past.
 High tower'd his helmed head;
 I mark'd his mail; I mark'd his shield;
 I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm the faulchion wield,
 Wide wav'd his bickering blade and fir'd the angry air!

Such is the description of the field of war—but to return to the narrative. Donald finding himself surrounded in a hostile country, he retreated first to Ross-shire, and then to the Isles. The shattered state of Stuart's army precluded all pursuit, and they had to regret the loss of many of the best and bravest men; indeed, so great was the slaughter of that day, that the noblest families in Kincardine, Angus, Buchan, Mar, and the Garioch, were nearly cut off. Leslie of Balquhain and six of his sons fell, leaving only one son, and that a minor, to uphold the name. Ogilvie, Sheriff of Angus, with his son and heir; Scrimgeor, High Constable of Dundee, whose body was carried to the church-yard of Kinkell, and there interred; and over his grave was placed a flat stone, on which his effigy was rudely cut, with this motto round the edge—"Here lies an experienced and valiant Armour-bearer." This stone was removed a few years past by a neighbouring farmer for part of his house, as were also the effigies of the valiant Thomas de Longueville and his aid-de-camp, which were thrown out of the church of Bourty, and there they lie broken.

Irvine of Drum fell at the battle of Harlaw; Maple of Pampure; Abernethy of Salton; Straiton of Laurieston; and Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen. All these were honourably numbered with the dead, but their names are enrolled in the pages of history.

Provost Davidson was carried to Aberdeen, and buried with great honour in the floor of the church of St. Nicholas. In the year 1742, when the West Church was rebuilding, his grave was distinctly seen.

In a folio history of Scotland, published in 1749, there is this fabulous account, that Donald was victorious, and remained on the field.

There is a burlesque song sung in the country on this memorable occasion—I shall insert but a few stanzas, as I think it not worth the attention of the public.

I.

As I cam thro' the Garrioch land,
And in by over ha,
There was sixty thousan highland men
Marching to Harlaw.

II.

The highland men with their broad sword,
Push'd on wi' might and power,
Till they bore back the red coat lads,
Three furlongs long and more.

III.

Lord Forbes call'd his man aside,
Says take your breath awhile,
Until I send my servant now,
To bring my coat o' mail.

I do not think it proper to insert more of this burlesque, as my readers will observe, that I mean only to preserve relics of antiquity, and those of my own country, of which alas! too many are lost.

ROB ROY.

Rob Roy frae the highlands came,
 Doun to our lowland border;
 It was to steal a lady away,
 To haud his house in order.
 With four and twenty highland men,
 His arms and suit to carry;
 He came to steal Blackhill's daughter,
 And force her then to marry.
 Nae ane ken'd o' his comming,
 Nae tiddings came before him;
 Else the lady wou'd ha'e been away,
 For still she did abhore him.
 They guarded doors and windows round,
 Nane cou'd their plot discover;
 Rob Roy enter'd then alane,
 Expressing how he lov'd her.
 Come go with me, my dear, he said?
 Come go with me, my honey?
 And ye shall be my wedded wife,
 For I love you best of any.
 I will not go with you, she said,

I'll never be your honey ;
 I will not be your wedded wife,
 Your love is for my money.
 They wou'd not stay till she was drest,
 As ladies when their brides O ;
 But hurried her awa in haste,
 And row'd her in their plaids O.
 He drew her out among his crew,
 She holding by her mother ;
 With mournful cries, and wat'ry eyes,
 They parted from each other.
 With many a heavy sob and wail,
 They saw as they stood by her ;
 She was so guarded round about,
 Her friends could not come nigh her.
 Her mournful cries were often heard,
 But no aid came unto her,
 They guarded her on every side,
 That they could not rescue her.
 He placed her upon a steed,
 Then jumped on behind her :
 And they are to the highlands gone,
 Her friends they cannot find her.
 Over rugged hills and dales
 They rode, the lady fainted,
 Cried woe be to my cursed gold,
 That has such roads invented.
 As they came in by Drimmen town,
 And in by Edingarry ;
 He bought to her both cloak and gown,

Still thinking she wotld marry.
 As they went down yon bonny burn side,
 They at Buchanan tarried ;
 He clothed her there as a bride,
 Yet she would not be married.
 Without consent they join'd their hands,
 Which law ought not to carry ;
 His passion waxed now so hot,
 He could no longer tarry.
 Two held her up before the priest,
 Four laid her in the bed then,
 With sighs and cries and wat'ry eyes,
 When she was laid beside him.

V A R I A T I O N.

Ye are come to our highland hills,
 Far frae thy native clan lady ;
 Never think of going back,
 But take it for thy home lady,
 I'll be kind, I'll be kind,
 I'll be kind to thee lady ;
 All thy country for thy sake,
 Shall surely favour'd be lady.
 Rob Roy was my father call'd,
 Macgregor was his name lady ;
 And all the country where he dwelt,
 He did exceed for fame lady.

Now or then, now or then,
 Now or then deny lady ;
 Don't you think yourself well of,
 With a pretty man like I lady.
 He was a hedge about his friends,
 A heckle to his foes lady ;
 And all that did him any wrong,
 He took them by the nose lady.
 Don't think, don't think,
 Don't think I lie lady ;
 Ye may know the truth, by what
 Was done in your country lady.
 My father delights in cows and horse,
 Likewise in goats and sheep lady ;
 And you with thirty thousand marks,
 Makes me a man complete lady.
 Be content, be content,
 Be content and stay lady ;
 Now ye are my wedded wife,
 Untill your dying day lady.
 Your friends will all seek after me,
 But I'll give them the scorn lady ;
 Before dragoons come o'er the Forth,
 We shall be doun by Lorn lady.
 I am bold, I am bold,
 But bolder than before lady ;
 Any one dare come this way,
 Shall feel my good claymore lady.
 We shall cross the raging seas,
 We shall go to France lady,

There we'll gar the piper play,
 And then we'll have a dance lady.
 Shake a foot, shake a foot,
 Shake a foot wi' me lady ;
 And ye shall be my wedded wife,
 Until the day ye die lady.

NOTES.

THIS excellent song of this renowned Freebooter is preserved in the memory of many old persons, who sing it with great pleasure, which has a wonderful effect to make it pass off and seem more smooth.

I had the first copy from Miss Harper, Kildrummy ; but fearing imperfections, I made application, and by chance got another copy from the Rev. R. Scott, Glenbucket. These I blended together and formed a very good copy, but I have taken the liberty of altering the order of some of the stanzas ; and in particular, taking out the ninth and making it the eleventh, and changing some of the words to make it more agreeable.

Stanza second, verses second and fourth—His arms for to carry—I have made—His arms and suit to carry. That lady for to marry—And force her then to marry. This I think somewhat harsh and grating, but in my opinion it is more soft than the former. I will not here enumerate all the alterations, the reader will soon discover them himself. The song is not very ancient, the scene being in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Robert Campbell, alias Rob Roy Macgregor, was a native of Aberfoyle, where he carried on a life of cattle dealer, or, in

other words, carrying them off by force, by which the country was much annoyed, so that Government issued a proclamation, that Robert Campbell, *alias* Rob Roy Macgregor, was a rebel and a robber, and that £1000 should be paid to any person who should apprehend him and bring him to public justice. Dazzled with the reward, many were eager to seize on his person, but all dreaded his power. A certain great man in the North of Scotland allured him to his house, telling him he only wanted to know something of the late rebellion, for which information he promised him the King's free pardon.

Won by repeated flatteries, Rob Roy left the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and came to the Duke's seat, when a message was sent up that Roy was arrived: on which the Duke ran and embraced him, protesting at the same time he knew not how to express his joy at the sight of so brave a gentleman.

The complimentary ceremony being over, the Duke now began to be very inquisitive about persons concerned in the late insurrections, which Macgregor was unwilling to answer. The Duke told him, that if he expected a pardon he must make a full discovery. If your Grace (says he) had let me know as much by your messengers, it would have saved me the labour of coming so far. I never intended, replied the Duke, giving you this trouble for no purpose, and as ye are not in a humour to satisfy me at present, your mind may alter in a few days, and I think it not improper to detain you.

What, am I then betrayed? says the daring Highlandman. Is it possible, that a person of your quality should have so mercenary a soul as to forfeit his faith, his honour, and his word, and all for a pitiful reward? Peace, cried his Grace, and gave a knock at the garden door, which being immediately opened, a body of guards rushed in.

Rob Roy, in a violent passion, drew his sword, and would have plunged it into the Duke for his perfidy; but calling in reason to his aid, and weighing the consequences, he quietly submitted himself to be borne to prison.

By a constant supply of liquor to the guards, he won their favour, which was easier obtained, by the Duke ordering him to be attended as a gentleman, not as a common prisoner. Confident in making his escape, he bribed a servant to be ready next morning with a horse, in a neighbouring wood.

The night was spent in drinking, and wheu morning appeared, Rob told his guards he had one favour to beg of them. They were eager to know what that was, and told him, they should think themselves the veriest dogs in nature, to deny any thing to a gentleman who had been so generous. He thanked them for their civility, and added, that he had reason to believe his great strength and preservation of his health was chiefly owing to a practice of bathing every morning, and he hoped they would not deny him the liberty of continuing a custom he had been used to from his infancy, and especially since the omission might produce fatal consequences to him.

They without the least hesitation complied, and he went to bathe; but turning into the wood, mounted the horse, made his escape, and fled to his former fastnesses, where he remained until he died.

When Rob Roy was on his death-bed, a gentleman whom he had reason to believe was an enemy came to see him. On being requested to admit the visitor to his bedside, he said, no enemy shall see Rob Roy in the posture of defeat. Raise me up, put on my clothes, and buckle on my arms, then admit him. He was obeyed—the guest was received with cold civility by the dying man—and in a short time departed. Now, said

Macgregor, help me to bed, and call in the piper. The piper appeared, Rob shook hands with him, and desired him to play *Cha tuile mi tui leadh*, and not to cease, while he continued to breathe. He soon expired, with the voice of war pealing around him.

This celebrated character died at the farm of Inverlocharigbeg, among the Braes of Balquhidder, in the year 1740. His body was buried in the parish church-yard, and no other monument marks his grave, but a plain simple stone, on which some kindred spirit has carved a sword, the appropriate emblem of the man.

His son, Rob Roy, followed the footsteps of his father in valour and magnanimity. But the only thing that made him remarkable in song was, the stealing a young heiress and marrying her.

One time Rob was on his predatory round, when he drove off a great many cattle from the parish of Kippen, where he beheld Jane Kay, daughter to the proprietor, —— Kay, Esq. Blackhills. After driving home his plunder, he returned to Kippen with a chosen band to steal her, which he accomplished, and carried her home and married her—but she only lived two years, and then died of the small pox.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Wou'd ye hear of William Wallace,
An' sek him as he goes,
Into the lan' of Lanark,
Amang his mortel faes.

There was fyften English sogers,
 Unto his ladie cam,
 Said gie us William Wallace,
 That we may have him slain.

Wou'd ye gie William Wallace
 That we may have have slain,
 And ye's be wedded to a lord,
 The best in Christendeem.

This verra nicht at seven,
 Brave Wallace will come in,
 And he'll come to my chamber door,
 Without or dread or din.

The fyften English sogers,
 Around the house did wait,
 And four brave Southron foragers,
 Stood hie upon the gait.

That verra nicht at seven,
 Brave Wallace he came in,
 And he came to his ladies bouir,
 Withouten dread or din.

When she beheld him Wallace,
 She star'd him in the face ;
 Ohon alas ! said that ladie,
 This is a woful case.

For I this nicht have sold you,
 This nicht you must be taen,
 And I'm to be wedded to a lord,
 The best in Christendeem.

Do you repent, said Wallace,

The ill you've dane to me?
 Ay, that I do, said that ladie,
 And will do till I die.

Ay, that I do, said that ladie,
 And will do ever still,
 And for the ill I've dane to you,
 Let me burn upon a hill.

Now God forfend, says brave Wallace,
 I shou'd be so unkind,
 Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,
 I'm aye a woman's friend.

Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,
 Your gown but and your kirtle,
 Your petticoat of bonny brown,
 And belt about my middle.

I'll take a pitcher in ilka hand,
 And do me to the well,
 They'll think I'm one of your maidens,
 Or think it is your sell.

She has gien him her gown, her gown,
 Her petticoat and kirtle,
 Her broadest belt wi' silver clasp,
 To bind about his middle.

He's taen a pitcher in ilka hand,
 And dane him to the well,
 They thought him one of her maidens,
 They ken'd it was nae hersell.

Said one of the Southron foragers,
 See ye yon lusty dame,

I wou'd nae gie muckle to thee neebor,
 To bring her back agen.

Then all the Southrons follow'd him,
 And sure they were but four;
 But he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slew them pair by pair.

He threw the pitchers frae his hands,
 And to the hills fled he,
 Until he cam to a fair May,
 Was washin' on yon lea.

What news, what news, ye weel far'd May?
 What news ha'e ye to gie?
 Ill news, ill news, the fair May said,
 Ill news I hae to thee:

There is fyften English sogers
 Into that thatched inn,
 Seeking Sir William Wallace,
 I fear that he is slain.

Have ye any money in your pocket?
 Pray lend it unto me,
 And when I come this way again,
 Repaid ye weel shall be.

She put her hand in her pocket,
 And taen out shillings three,
 He turn'd him right and round about,
 And thank'd the weel far'd May.

He had not gone a long rig length,
 A rig length and a span,
 Until he met a bold beggar,

As sturdy as cou'd gang.

What news, what news, ye bold beggar ?
 What news hae ye to gie ?
 O heavy news, the beggar said,
 I hae to tell to thee.

There is fyten English sogers,
 I heard them in yon Inn,
 Vowing to kill him Wallace,
 I fear the chief is slain.

Will ye change apparell wi' me auld man ?
 Change your apparell for mine ?
 And when I come this way again,
 Ye'll be my ain poor man.

When he got on the beggar's coat,
 The pike staff in his hand,
 He's dane him down to yon tavern,
 Where they were drinking wine.

What news, what news, ye staff beggar ?
 What news hae ye to gie ?
 I hae nae news, I heard nae news,
 As few I'll hae frae thee.

I think your coat is ragged auld man,
 But wou'd you wages win,
 And tell where William Wallace is,
 We'll lay gold in your hand.

Tell down, tell down your good red gold,
 Upon the table head,
 And ye sall William Wallace see,
 Wi' the down come of Robin Hood.

They had nae tauld the money down,
 And laid it on his knee,
 When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,
 He on the floor gar'd flee.

And he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slew them one by one,
 Then sat down at the table head,
 And called for some wine.

The goodwife she ran but ran but,
 The goodman he ran ben,
 The verra bairns about the fire,
 Were a' like to gang brain.

Now, if there be a Scotsman here,
 He'll come and drink wi' me,
 But if there be an English loun,
 It is his time to flee.

The goodman was an Englishman,
 And to the hills he ran,
 The goodwife was a Scots woman,
 And she came to his hand.

NOTES.

At this period, when the taste for Old Songs runs so high, occasioned by the indefatigable pens of a Hogg and the Author of Waverly, I have taken a deal of trouble in recovering and collecting Old Ballads, from books and from old persons. By this turn of application, some fine morsels of poetry have been recalled from the arcanum of oblivion : and though accompanied

with much trash, even the very worst of that trash is not without its use to a philosophic mind ; for it gives us a progressive illustration of the manners and taste of our ancestors. With this view then I present this ballad, which I committed to paper a few evenings bypast, from the repetition of an old gentlewoman in Aberdeenshire, having never seen it before in any publication of the kind. As for the history, I refer the reader to the Life of Wallace, already so well known.

BURNING OF AUCHINDOWN, 1592.

A FRAGMENT.

Turn Willie Macintosh,
 Turn, I bid you,
 Gin ye burn Auchindown,
 Huntly will head you.
 Head me or hang me,
 That canna fley me,
 I'll burn Auchendown,
 Ere the life lea me.
 Coming down Deeside,
 In a clear morning,
 Auchindown was in flame,
 Ere the cock crawing.
 But coming o'er Cairn Croom,
 And looking down man,
 I saw Willie Macintosh,
 Burn Auchindown man.

Bonny Willie Macintosh,
 Whare left ye your men,
 I left them in the Stapler,
 But they'll never come hame.

Bonny Willie Macintosh,
 Whare now is your men,
 I left them in the Stapler,
 Sleeping in their sheen.

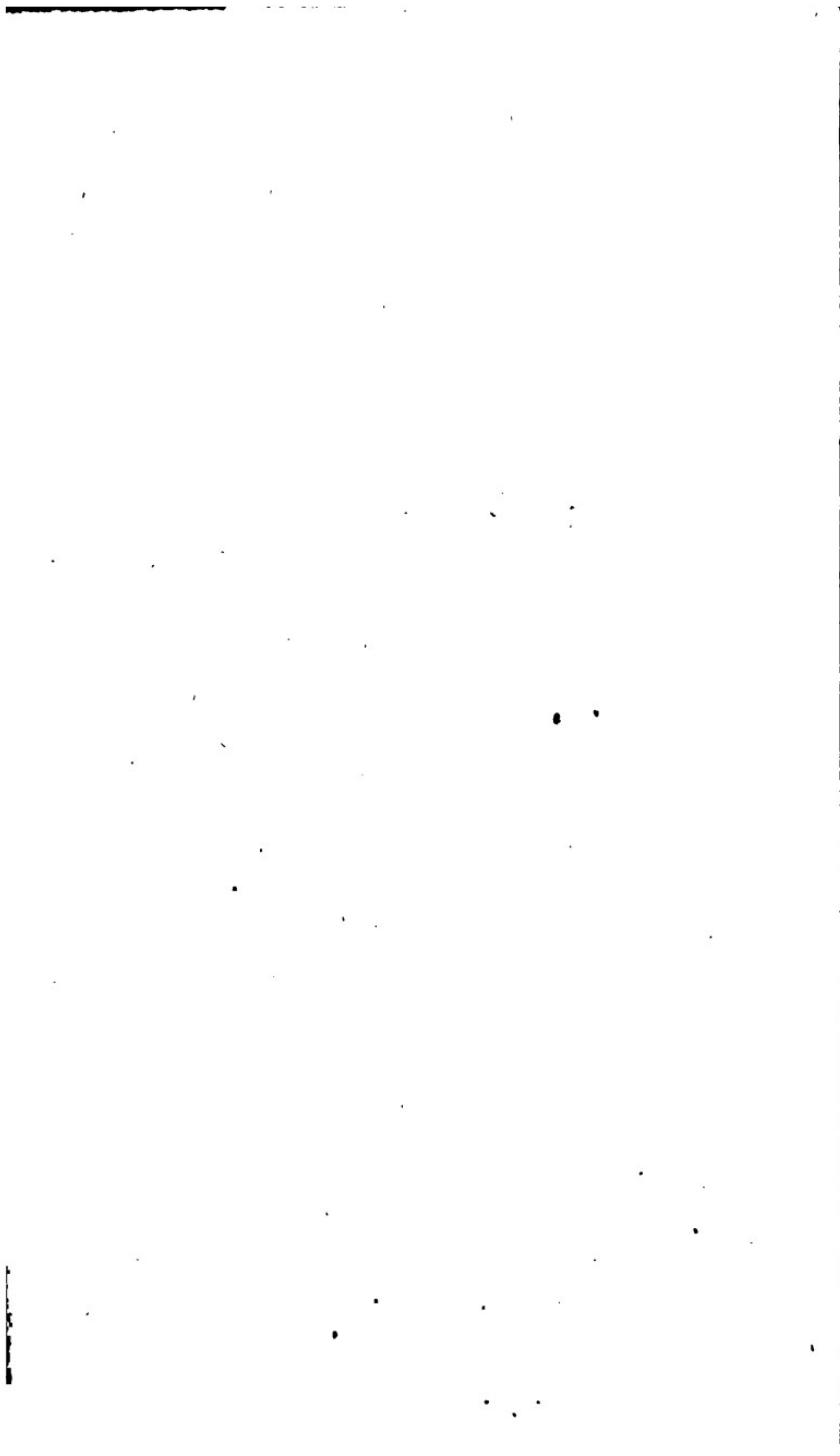
NOTES.

This small fragment cannot be found complete, but yet, from these few stanzas being presented to the public, the whole may yet be recovered. This Song originated from a feudal contest between the Clan Chattan and the Gordons of Strathbogie, in 1590. So inveterate were the Clan Chattan; that, after peace had been established, they refused vassalage to Strathbogie, which again blew up the coals. Strathbogie vowed revenge on the Clans, and his threats were dreaded, and the Clan assembled to consult how to act on this occasion. It was agreed, *scw. cen.* that an ambassador should be sent to Strathbogie to treat of peace, and William Macintosh, their Phylarchie, was dispatched with letters..

Strathbogie was at Edinburgh when William Macintosh arrived, and he told his message to the Countess Henrietta Stuart, daughter to Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox, which when she had heard, she turned with a frown and told William Macintosh, that Strathbogie had made a vow never to be reconciled, until the head of the Chief of the Clan Chattan was fixed on the Castlegate.







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